HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXX.—No. 1534.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1886.
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TOO HEAVY A LOAD FOR THE TRADES-UNIONS.

THE COMPETENT WORKMAN MUST SUPPORT THE INCOMPETENT.

"A storehouse of pleasure which may well delight any intelligent boy or girl."—*New England Magazine.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

*The current number contains a beautiful engraving by* FRANK FRENCH, *one of the series of finely executed blocks with which that artist-engraver has enriched these pages from time to time. Other illustrations are a fine double-page picture, and drawings by* E. H. GARRETT, W. P. SNYDER, CULMER BARNES, *etc.*

JOHN HABBERTON, *author of "Helen's Babies," contributes an amusing story entitled "Chippie's Dragon"; "The Desert Fairy's Gift" is concluded; and* MRS. HERRICK *continues her papers on Geology.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1886.

## THE CHICAGO POLICE AND ANARCHISTS.

THE heroic fidelity and bravery of the police of Chicago in the late street battle with brutal ruffians, all of whom seem to have been foreigners, are worthy of all praise, and contrast strangely with the extraordinary incompetency of the other municipal and State authorities. The bloody storm was plainly gathering for several days. It was not a movement of working-men, nor a question of the rights of labor. It was an outburst of anarchy; the deliberate crime of men who openly advocate massacre and the overthrow of intelligent and orderly society. There had been addresses and newspapers articles, all the work of foreigners, confessedly to stimulate a mob to riot and slaughter. But, so far as appears, the Governor of Illinois and the Mayor of Chicago did not know what every newspaper in the country announced every morning for some days, nor anticipate what every sensible man in the Union expected.

At such times, when a murderous assault is made upon the rights of good citizens, and the foundations of civilization itself are attacked, the most complete and summary methods of repression are the plainest duty. They alone are merciful, and any kind of hesitation or tampering with the evident onslaught of anarchy is treachery to the commonwealth. Known readiness and preparation and evident determination to maintain the common rights of the people against mobs and riots would have made bloodshed unnecessary in Chicago the other day. The conduct of public authorities must be determined by the actual situation. Nothing is more universally known than the character and spirit of a large element of the population in Chicago, and nothing could have been more certain than serious disturbance unless ample preparation and indomitable determination to keep order were known to the anarchists.

No American citizen, whatever his occupation or his fortune, can look upon such riots and massacre as those in Chicago without knowing that their evil results fall most heavily upon the poorest and most dependent. The bitter suffering of innocent and helpless families is inflicted by the laziest and most worthless men in the name of honest labor. Such events tend to the monstrous injustice of confusing labor organizations with wanton crime and inhumanity. Nobody was so much interested to stop the Ku-Klux as intelligent citizens of the Southern States. Nobody is so much concerned to repress anarchists as working-men. Meanwhile the police of Chicago have shown, what the police of New York showed in the draft riots of 1863, of what brave and noble stuff the police force of the country is composed. Throughout the excitement of this spring their conduct has merited the highest admiration, and those who were murdered in Chicago fell in the discharge of the most patriotic and humane duty.

## THE BLAIR BILL.

THE BLAIR educational bill has passed the Senate, but its prospects in the House are not promising. The question has been more generally and warmly discussed in the press than in Congress, and there is an impression that the favorable vote in the Senate was largely perfunctory. As the bill proposed relief for illiteracy, which exists in great part among the colored people, many of the Republican Senators were undoubtedly unwilling to vote against it. Several of them, however, vigorously opposed it both by speech and vote. The weight of objection was practical. The constitutional argument seemed to be less heeded than the proof, which was largely furnished by the *Evening Post*, that much of the illiteracy, which seems very startling in the statistics, is among the adults, and cannot be remedied, while the rate of school attendance in the Southern States is not exceedingly disproportioned to that of other parts of the country. The Southern States do not seem to be unwilling to provide proper school facilities, and among the most intelligent citizens of those States there is a strong conviction that national aid would demoralize local effort.

In a recent article in the *Congregationalist*, ex-Governor CHAMBERLAIN, of South Carolina, who has contributed much valuable information to the discussion, shows that in 1880 there were in the old Slave States 4,715,395 persons above ten who could not write. This is an appalling number. But 2,961,371, or almost two-thirds of these, were above twenty-one, and probably half of those between ten and twenty-one had never been to school, as a school system was not generally established until they were too old to attend. "Three-fourths, if not four-fifths, of the vast total of Southern illiteracy in 1880 has therefore no relevancy to the issue whether in 1886 Congress should vote $77,000,000 to aid schools in the States during the next eight years." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN summarizes the latest reports from Southern school superintendents, and shows that the percentage of children of school age enrolled in eight of the old sixteen Slave States, including South Carolina and Mississippi, equals or exceeds that of Maine; in four of the other eight it comes within five per cent. of it; while in eight Southern States the school year exceeds Maine's old record, and in only three of the other eight falls below seventy-five days. These are the facts in detail which dispose of general pleas based upon the aggregate illiteracy of the Southern community. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN asserts that Southern States generally raise as much money for public education by tax as Northern States. But in the Northern States the State tax is but a small part of the total fund.

This last fact is to be carefully considered as bearing upon the policy of national aid. Mayor COURTENAY, of Charleston, one of the best of witnesses upon such a subject, stated a year or two ago, if we remember correctly, that in many Southern communities the fair limit of local taxation for educational purposes had been reached. On the other hand, Superintendent PALMER, of Alabama, demonstrates that Alabama is capable of paying the tax, and the Newberry *Observer*, in South Carolina, says that the plea of poverty is shameful, and that the State is quite able to decline the aid offered by the BLAIR bill. This is the view strongly urged also by some of the Southern Senators, and which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN says would be affirmed by intelligent opinion in every Southern State. Leaving aside for the present the constitutional argument, the result of the debate thus far is plain. It has shown that there is both the disposition and the ability in the illiterate States themselves to deal successfully with the question, and that the possible advantages to be derived from the national grant are greatly outweighed by the mischievous effects of causing the States to depend upon the national government for the discharge of one of the primary duties of an American State, the local support of schools. The folly of giving national aid for such a purpose to Ohio or New York is obvious, but that is provided by the bill. The debate in the Senate disclosed no strong desire among Southern members for the proposed aid, and the defeat of the measure could not be interpreted as an act unfriendly to the illiterate States, nor is there any intimation that it would be so regarded. Certainly the necessity or good policy of the grant has not yet been demonstrated.

## THE LABOR AGITATION.

THE strike in the Southwest ended in peace at the same time that the strikes in Chicago ended in riot and bloodshed. It is now clear that the striking of large bodies of men and the enforcement of a boycott threaten such disturbance of public order that the authorities may properly prepare themselves to keep the peace by all necessary means whenever such movements upon a great scale begin. The vital point in all the recent labor movements, which has been apparently overlooked by the most intelligent laborers, is that many of them deal with the most complex and difficult problems, which are not to be solved in any summary way. Thus the demand for a working day of eight hours is not only a demand for less work, but for diminished production, and for all that results from it. How many of those who demand the eight hours have thought of this, or understand what it means? A uniform working day of eight hours in every pursuit and by every person is impossible. Congress, which upon such subjects seldom acts wisely, because it acts, not with regard to sound principles and to the general welfare, but with reference to the advantage of a party, passed an eight-hours law. But it amounted merely to an act favoring a small class at the expense of the whole community.

This would be in effect the result of a successful strike at any point for less hours and for more wages. It would merely produce competition with other points where more hours were devoted to production, the result of which would be such a disturbance both of trade and industry at the eight-hours point that workmen would be thrown out of employment, and the business itself would be driven elsewhere. An eight-hours movement, or any other similar movement, to be really successful, must be universal in every branch of industry. But that is not conceivable. There would be always men enough willing to work nine or ten hours for the wages demanded for eight hours, and those who were themselves proprietors—and this is an immense working and producing force—would always work as they chose. Such strikes, involving skilled labor, may always produce great mischief. But it is merely a mischief of delay, and it is therefore only temporary. The present situation has shown plainly that there are two very different kinds of so-called labor movements. There are those which seek redress for real grievances, when the demand for redress is so reasonable that it commands general sympathy and support, and there are those which spring from certain social theories, and seek the violent overthrow of the existing social order. These last are mainly led by foreigners who scarcely speak our language, and who have no knowledge of the country nor comprehension of American institutions.

No intelligent American, whatever his occupation, can suppose that men like MOST and SPIES and PARSONS, who live in laziness by inciting to crime, can be of any use in settling any serious question whatever, or that the rioters in Chicago were honest friends of labor or of laboring-men. Such crimes as those in Chicago are fatal to the cause of labor, because they raise one question only, that of keeping the peace, and cover with prejudice and suspicion the cause in whose name public order is disturbed. Miscreants like the anarchist editors and leaders, who inflict every kind of suffering upon the innocent and helpless, and who strike at the equal rights of every honest man in the community, are the worst of public enemies, and should be so treated.

## LOOKING INTO THE DEPARTMENTS.

WE learn with pleasure that Mr. COX, the chairman of the House Committee upon Reform in the Civil Service, has not proposed that all employés in the public service shall be examined to determine their fitness to hold their places. Whatever may be Mr. COX'S opinion of the propriety of such a course, he has not yet proposed it, and very probably he holds that it is a subject for executive rather than legislative initiation. The true view is that if incompetent employés are retained, it is the fault of the superior officer, because the power of removal is unrestricted; and as it is a breach of public trust to retain an incompetent employé to be paid by the public money, the officer who is guilty of the offence should be removed, and a successor appointed who could be trusted to secure the efficiency of the office by discharging the inefficient subordinate.

Mr. COX'S committee has unanimously reported a bill for the appointment of a commission of five persons, three not in the public service, and two detailed from the service, and three of the five only of the same political party, to report to the President upon the proper classification, compensation, and number of employés in each department at Washington. The classification is not to include officers confirmed by the Senate, nor laborers, who are excluded from the present classified service under the reform act. This is an admirable proposition. There are now about eight thousand such employés, and there are unquestionably very great abuses arising from the present indefinite classification, or want of classification, and from the intrigues and importunity of members of Congress. Mr. GRAVES, the head of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, whose report to Mr. SHERMAN when Secretary of the Treasury exposed some of the flagrant abuses in that bureau, has, we believe, made two or three hundred removals, and scarcely a dozen appointments, during the year that he has had charge of the office. Light is a powerful purgative, and what the departmental service requires is abundant light and order, and a firm and intelligent and honest control like that of Mr. GRAVES.

The advantages of all possible publicity and accurate knowledge in regard to the organization of the civil service are conspicuous. The classification proposed by the bill of Mr. COX would be most useful to members of Congress by making intelligible the details of appropriations for the service, which are now to most members hopelessly obscure. But the great result of such investigation, if searching and honest, will be the abolition of that system of mere personal favoritism which fills the service with incompetent and indolent employés who are kept in place by members of Congress and influential politicians. The strongest argument for a change in the heads of bureaus and offices is their indisposition to dismiss subordinates with whom they have been long associated. A truthful representation of the actual situation in the Washington departments would be felt beneficially throughout the service in better discipline and greater efficiency. The demand for it is another auspicious sign of the extension of the spirit of reform.

## A GREAT ABUSE.

SENATOR HAMPTON'S bill prohibiting the interference of Senators and Representatives in appointments is very timely and necessary. It declares recommending or soliciting appointments by any Senator or Representative to be a misdemeanor punishable by fine, and that all information from a Senator or Representative desired by the Executive shall be asked in writing, and the answer in writing shall be filed in the proper department or bureau. The necessity

of emancipating the executive officers of the government from the annoying importunity of the members of Congress needs no demonstration. Proper attention to the business of the whole people is prevented by the pertinacity of members of Congress in personally urging and reurging at length the appointment of some individual constituent. Every such constituent has an undoubted right to seek to enter the public service. But he has no right to seek such entrance in a way which obstructs the public business. No single citizen can assume that his personal interests take precedence of those of the country. The impertinent pressure of members of Congress upon executive officers is the great pest and nuisance of administration, and it should be peremptorily prohibited.

When the executive officer in any branch of the government wishes for information that he supposes a Senator or Representative can furnish him, he will apply to him. But a Senator who, without such invitation, solicits and urges a nomination which he is to confirm, commits an outrageous offence, because his action plainly opens the way for bargain and corrupt intrigue. When GEORGE CABOT, in the first Senate, asked President WASHINGTON that the name of a certain person might be placed upon the list of those to be considered for a consulship, he explained the reasons of his request, and apologized for the liberty that he took. Senator EDMUNDS evidently thought the message of President CLEVELAND in regard to private papers an uncalled-for interference of the Executive with legislative action, and suggested CHARLES the First. But it has been long the practice of Senators to badger and torment the Executive upon express constitutional executive functions, and if unsuccessful to appeal personally to other Senators to aid them by refusing to confirm a nomination which was not the one they had urged upon the President. Nothing could be more indecent and debasing, and it is the misfortune of the situation that the natural remedy, which is a prohibitory law, depends upon the will of Senators themselves.

It is the present practice also to allow the Representative to select all the postmasters in his district. His word is generally conclusive. This is a practice which invests the member of the Legislature with executive powers which are expressly withheld by the Constitution, and confuses functions which were jealously separated by the founders of the government. It gives him a large bribery fund drawn from the public treasury to control the political action of his district, and demoralizes the service by teaching the officer to feel that his place depends upon the favor of one man, and not upon good service to the people. The plea that a man selected by a community as its representative may be trusted to express its will upon the subject is disposed of by the fact that he is elected to discharge a specific legislative duty which is carefully separated from executive functions. The same constituency which selects him as a legislative agent has already, in voting for Presidential electors, selected an executive agent, and his interference with the Executive action is a gross offence. Senator HAMPTON'S bill is timely and excellent, and ought to become a law.

## THE MORAL OF A LATE EVENT.

OUR national pride, which is sometimes the butt of good-natured satire even from ourselves, has often the highest reason. The Democratic party, to which the chief of secession belonged, has returned to power in the national administration. Confederate generals and soldiers and civilians of every degree sit in the Cabinet and the Senate and the House, and fill minor posts of administration. Confederate and Union officers write in the same magazine, and tell alternately upon the same lecture platform the story of the same battle of the war, and JEFFERSON DAVIS, amid the tumultuous acclamations of those who sustained the lost cause which he represents, passes from city to city in the limits of the Confederacy and extols fervently the doctrine of secession, as an old Tory in the administration of JEFFERSON might have defended the right of Parliament to tax the colonies and to quarter troops upon the colonists, while the united country smiles, and the leading press in the Northern and Southern States comments quietly upon the natural feeling of old associates toward a defeated chief, and General GORDON, who accompanies him, and who fought with him gallantly and with strong conviction, says, "The war is at an end, and the Southern people are glad of it, and glad that it ended as it did."

A people in full national vigor, of whom such things are true, twenty years after such a war as ours, is a people which may well be proud, because such things show no decline nor retrogression. The Union is a thousandfold more secure, and liberty is surer and more general, than ever. While DAVIS repeats the old doctrine of secession, and the crowds that listen cheer, and his old comrades share in the administration of the government, nobody feels the government to be any the less firm, or hears in those cheers the cry of another conflict. Nothing, indeed, shows more strikingly the actual situation than the ludicrous failure of the demonstration of some gentlemen at Albany against "the treasonable utterances" of "the archfiend" DAVIS. The worthy gentlemen supposed that all Buncombe would turn out. But nothing could have been more insignificant and unimpressive than their demonstration. Nobody cared for it as an expression of patriotism, and everybody laughed at it as a partisan trick.

"No," said an extreme machine Republican the other day; "I give it up. The bloody shirt will not wave." That is the cause of pride. If it meant that there was indifference to the rights or the welfare of the colored citizens anywhere, it would not be a cause of pride, but a sign of shame and cowardice. If it meant forgetfulness of the great import and the prolonged heroism and sacrifice of the war, it would be a disgrace. If it meant any abatement of the happy result in any degree, it would be a mortification. But the situation shows the universal consciousness that the epoch of the war and of its antecedent debate is definitely closed, and that our politics can turn no longer upon issues and passions that are felt to be finally composed. JEFFERSON DAVIS has rendered an excellent service to the country by impressing this fact upon every mind. "Rebel brigadier" is no more a word to conjure with than was "the Corsican" after BONAPARTE was at St. Helena.

## A BROAD HINT TO THE LOBBY.

A VERY excellent little resolution was adopted by the House a few days since at the instance of Mr. VOORHEES, the Delegate from Washington Territory. The resolution provided for an inquiry whether any ex-member of the House who under the rules is entitled to the floor is interested as agent or attorney for any railroad or other corporation in any claim or bill pending before Congress. The committee of inquiry is to report the result with such recommendations as may be necessary.

There is much complaint in Washington Territory that the great corporations, aided by land grants and favorable legislation, and practically exempt from taxation, exercise a very great power in a very oppressive manner. The charge is certainly not improbable, and an inquiry is very proper. Mr. VOORHEES had mentioned in his resolution the name of a particular person. But while stating that he has appeared before a committee as a corporation advocate, he disclaimed personal knowledge of any specific act of the ex-member to influence members upon the floor, and he withdrew his name from the resolution before it passed.

But the ways of an ex-member of Congress who is a lobbyist are doubtless the ways of all other lobbyists. They are in Washington to ply their trade. A good tradesman improves every opportunity, and the freedom of the floor is an immense opportunity. Rule 34 of the House, indeed, excludes lobbying ex-members. But rules are sometimes disregarded, and the circumstances justify the inquiry whether this one may not have been forgotten. Eternal vigilance is the price of legislative relief from the lobby.

## THE EXECUTIVE AND THE APPROPRIATION BILLS.

THE refusal of Executive discretion to veto any item in an appropriation bill is a direct encouragement of jobbery. The great log-rolling bill in Congress is the River and Harbor Bill, in which members vote for grants to their several districts, and make a common interest of an enormous appropriation. To compel the Executive to choose between approval of proper aid and disapproval of a mere job is a public outrage.

No grant of money from the national Treasury for a good purpose should depend upon a similar grant for a bad purpose, and to say that to give the Executive discretion in approving appropriations is to give him power to annul legislation is absurd. The Constitution gives him the veto power, and although the constitutional veto applies to whole acts, an appropriation bill is simply an aggregation of single acts united for convenience. The attempt to compel the Executive to sign all or none is a virtual attack upon his constitutional authority.

The expression of the intelligent press upon the subject has been so decided that Congress should not hesitate to give the President the same discretion in regard to items in an appropriation bill which is given to the Governors of many States in the Union.

## THE LITTLE PARTY GAME.

SOME time since the Democratic Governor HILL, of New York, nominated to the Republican Senate certain persons for Health Officer and Quarantine Commissioners in place of those whose terms expired two or three years ago, and who are merely holding over. The persons were selected from both parties, and they were of such undeniably fitting character, and were so universally approved by the public opinion of the State, that there could be no legitimate reason for rejecting them.

Two months have passed, the session is approaching its end, and the Governor, in a message admirable in tone, at once firm and respectful, has reminded the Senate of the facts, pointing out the mischievous consequences of such disregard of the action of a coördinate branch of the government upon a subject in which the Executive and the Legislature are constitutionally associated, and courteously suggesting that the nominations be confirmed or rejected. It is a proper rebuke, and it ought to induce the Senate to act. Meanwhile the reason of the delay is well known. It is the fear of some mischief which Mr. PLATT, one of the Commissioners who holds over, may do to the Republican party or to some Republican candidate if he should be displaced by the confirmation of a successor.

Mr. PLATT may be remembered out of the State as the colleague of a brief term who resigned with Mr. CONKLING. In New York politics he was a Republican Stalwart of the Stalwarts until the administration of Mr. ARTHUR, when he diverged and appeared in the Chicago Convention of 1884 as a strong opponent of Mr. ARTHUR and a warm advocate of Mr. BLAINE—a fact which was duly emphasized in the Convention by Mr. MARTIN I. TOWNSEND. Whether the interests of the Republican party require the retention of Mr. PLATT and of the Quarantine officers' salary as a basis of party assessment is not evident. But the supposed importance of Mr. PLATT to somebody or something is very clear. The situation has given the Governor another opportunity, of which he has skilfully availed himself, to appear to great advantage in contrast with the Senate. It is a further confirmation of what we said some time ago, that the Governor's conduct during the session will prove to have been of much more service to the Democratic party than that of the Senate to the Republican party.

## PERSONAL.

SOME friends of the late Mr. H. H. RICHARDSON, who was visiting them in this city, proposed an excursion to a photographer's gallery. On reaching the place he was greeted by a request from the ladies of his party to have his picture taken in costume, and in a few minutes, greatly to his surprise, they had robed him as a monk, with the traditional rope around his waist, and the traditional cowl on his head. In spite of his full beard, the architect presented a very conventual aspect, and the portrait then taken is greatly prized by the few who have copies of it.

—Dr. HENRY B. MILLARD, of this city, has been appointed the American delegate to the International Congress of Hydrology and Climatology, to be held from the 1st to the 8th of October at Biarritz.

—Some of our readers will remember the popularity of the "Panorama of the Holy Land," a series of paintings exhibited thirty or more years ago by Mr. JOHN BANVARD. A recent writer has asserted that the series was painted by Mr. JOHN EVERS; but the fact is that the designer and principal painter was Mr. BANVARD himself, who was one of the most successful pioneers of American panorama, and justice to whom demands this correction.

—Mr. FRANCIS LATHROP has finished an order for St. George's Church, in Flushing, Long Island, in the shape of a mullioned window of stained glass, showing the figures of Piety and Purity. The principal colors are opalescent—blues, greens, and saffron—and above the head of each figure is a nimbus of zigzag rays. The work has received warm praise from artists who have seen it, and enhances Mr. LATHROP'S reputation.

—One of President GARFIELD'S cabinet officers, who took the most active part in the prosecution of the Star Route ring, declared at the time to a friend that the evidence in his possession would never lead a Washington jury to convict the thieves. One-half of the population of the national capital consists, he said, of persons dependent upon contractors, and the second half of persons dependent upon the first half.

—Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE a few years ago discovered what he believed to be unusual artistic talents in a clerk of a business house in this city. He sent him to Europe to study art, and paid the bills. The young man's first work of importance is a portrait of Mr. CARNEGIE'S mother, which now hangs in a room in the Windsor Hotel, and is said to be very promising. Mr. CARNEGIE'S interest in him is unabated.

—The $2000 prizes of the Second Annual Prize Fund Exhibition at the American Art Galleries were awarded to Messrs. F. D. MILLET, C. F. ULRICH, CLIFFORD GRAYSON, and E. E. SIMMONS, in the order mentioned. Messrs. MILLET and ULRICH are well known already; Mr. SIMMONS is a Bostonian, a pupil of BOULANGER and LEFEBVRE; Mr. GRAYSON is a Philadelphian, a pupil of GÉRÔME.

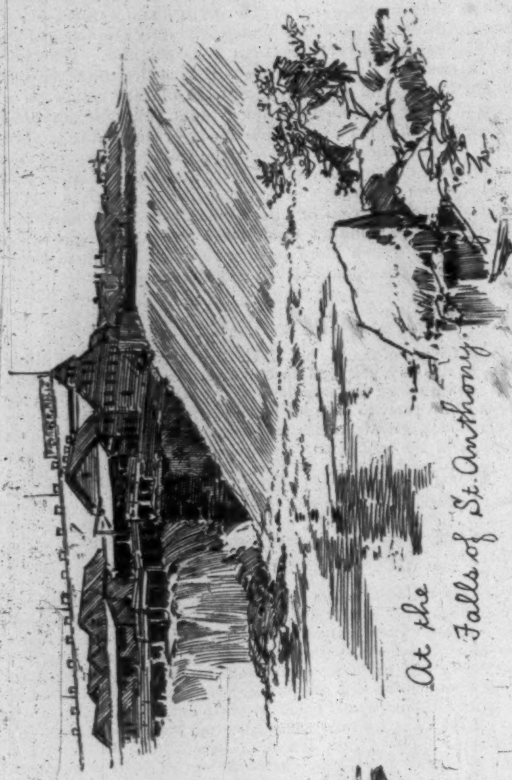
—Ten years ago a Knickerbocker lad of thirteen had a disagreement with his young step-mother, and ran away from home. He was not heard of until last week, when his father unexpectedly met him at the funeral of his grandmother, and learned for the first time that about two years of the ten had been spent by the youth as a patient in a hospital. "There's pluck for you," said the old man, admiringly, while recounting the circumstance to a friend. "He never let us know a word, although he is a telegraph operator."

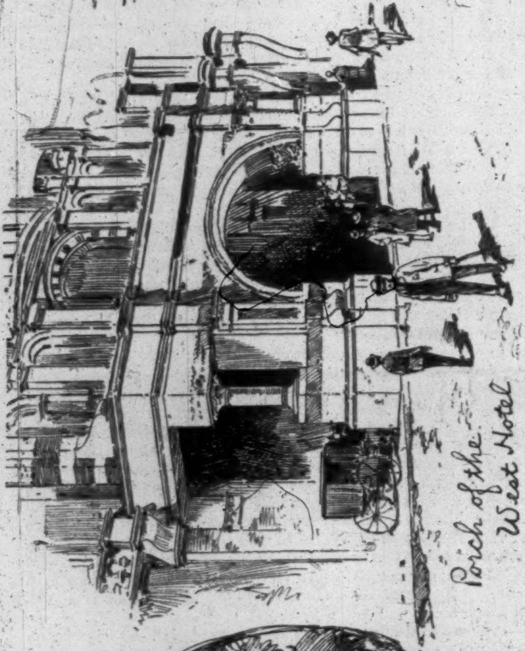
—A successful surgeon, who once served eighteen months on the staff of a down-town hospital, relates that, as usual, he received no salary, and was summoned an average of eight times every night by the ambulance call. One of the governors of the hospital took up the ambulance book one day to examine the list of entries, and was much displeased to find that in the description of the patients the abbreviation "æt." was used, thus, "JOHN JONES, æt. 47." "What does 'æt.' mean?" he asked. "It means 'aged,'" replied the young member of the staff. "Then why not write 'aged'?" demanded the governor, with petulance. "Because it has four letters, while 'æt.' has only three," replied the doctor. The petty annoyances that a governor of a hospital can inflict upon one of its surgeons are, he says, innumerable; but the experience obtained through a course of professional service in such an institution is valuable enough to cause them to be ignored.

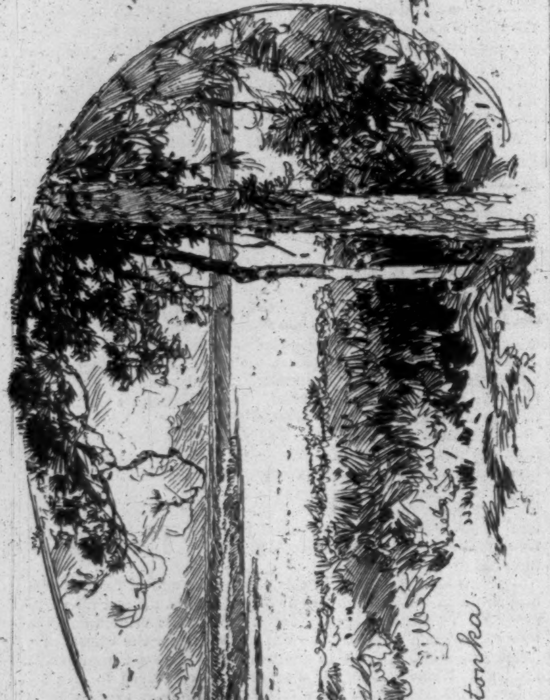
—The Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS, of Trinity Church, Boston, who has been nominated as Assistant Bishop of Pennsylvania, is an unusually large man, physically and intellectually. For some years he has enjoyed the reputation of being the leader of the Broad-Church in America. He speaks in public at the rate of two hundred words a minute. He has a wide acquaintance with leaders in Church and State in this country and abroad. His parishioners do not believe that he can be induced to leave Boston.

—M. THÉODORE DURET, who eight years ago wrote the interesting little pamphlet in praise of the Impressionist painters, three hundred of whose examples have been on exhibition at the American Art Galleries, is a manufacturer of cognac. Ten years of his life were spent in Japan, and he has an extensive private collection of art works. Copious extracts from his pamphlet were translated for the American catalogue of the Impressionist pictures.

—There died last week in this city, at the age of forty-four, a business man whose last hours displayed a fortitude and a tenderness that literature might preserve. While superintending the removal of some machinery he was thrown under the wheels of a freight car, and had the flesh almost entirely stripped from one of his legs. While waiting for a surgeon he continued to give his orders to his men, and wrote a telegraphic message to his wife to meet him on the arrival of a certain train. "I have met with an accident," it read, "but I write this with my own hand." On arriving at the Grand Central Depot he was borne on a stretcher through the waiting-room. As soon as he saw his wife in the crowd he waved his hand to reassure her, saying, gayly, with a smile, "Here I am, ANNIE." When told that the limb must be amputated, "All right," he replied; "only leave enough for me to ride horseback with." The announcement, a few hours later, that he would not survive the operation was received with perfect calmness. "It's odd," he observed, dryly, "that after dodging bullets for four years in the war, and after facing danger for twelve years in and around mines, I should at last be killed by a freight car." The next morning he was dead, having retained his consciousness and calmness to the end.


At the Falls of St. Anthony


Porch of the West Hotel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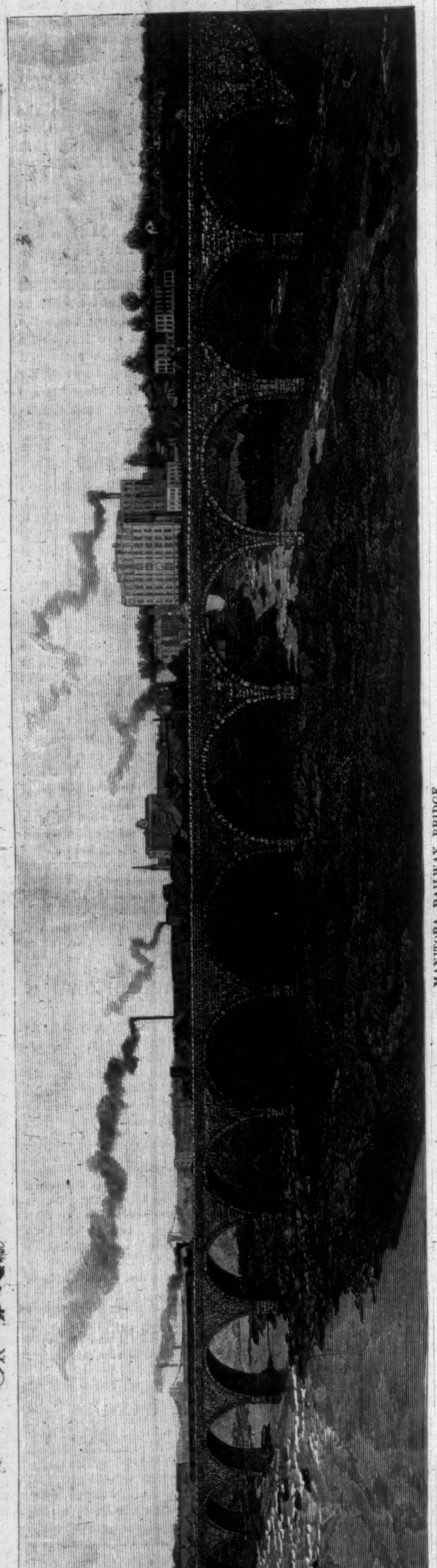
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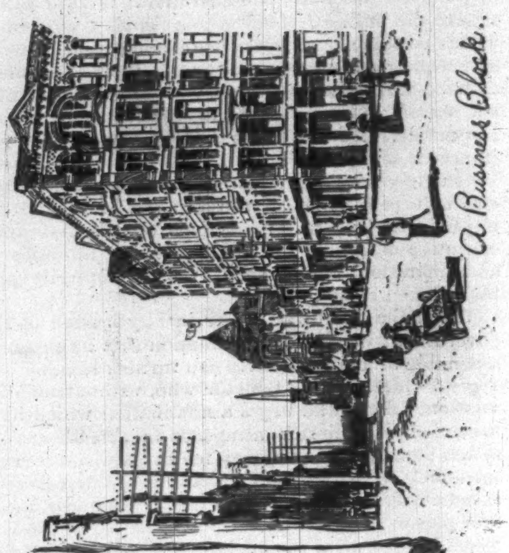
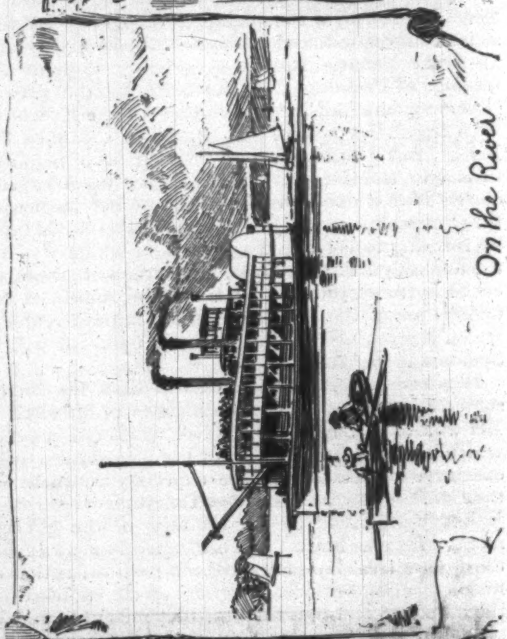
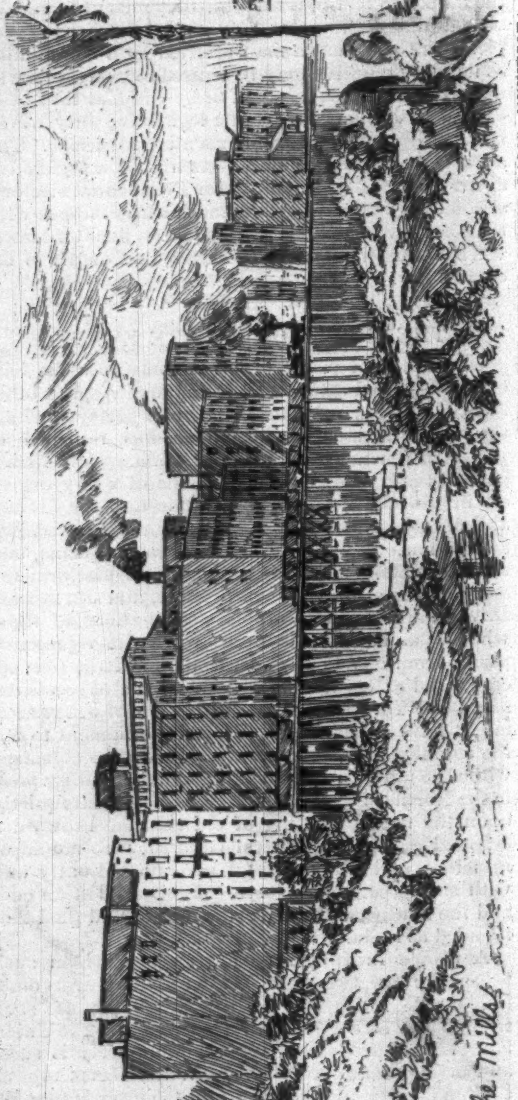

A Business Block.


On the River


The Mills

SKETCHES FROM MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 311.]

THE LATE BISHOP ROBERTSON, OF MISSOURI.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDERICKS.

FRANK BROWN, POSTMASTER OF BALTIMORE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY FALK.

JOSEPH C. HENDRIX, POSTMASTER OF BROOKLYN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER & CO., BROOKLYN.

## THE LATE BISHOP ROBERTSON.

THE work done by the late Right Reverend CHARLES FRANCIS ROBERTSON, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Missouri, in the extension and the firmer establishment of the Church in that diocese, will give his name a permanent place in the history of the Church in America. He was born in New York city, March 2, 1835, and died in St. Louis, May 1, 1886. After a brief mercantile apprenticeship he determined to enter the ministry, and at the age of twenty went to Yale College. There he was graduated in 1859, and four years later he finished the course at the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church. He immediately took charge of the parish of Malone, New York, where he remained for six years, until 1868. In that year he accepted a call to the parish of Batavia; but he had been at his new home only a few days when the Diocesan Convention of Missouri elected him its Bishop. He was then but thirty-three years of age. Youthful and robust, and as energetic as he was strong, he went to this Western diocese just when Missouri was recovering from the effects, and had by no means recovered from the feelings, of the war. There were then but five parishes in St. Louis, and the whole diocese included but twenty clergymen. Nine new parishes were organized in St. Louis alone before he died, and the number of clergymen in the diocese had increased to sixty-two. He found nearly all the churches in debt, but poverty and ill management were the least difficult, certainly the least delicate, difficulties of his task. An eminently practical man, he went about the work of building up the diocese with such vigor that the growth of the Church has been perhaps as largely the result of his personal energy as of the growth of the State and the prosperity of the people.

Nor was it only in clerical work that he made a place for himself in the history of Missouri. He took an active interest in every cause that made for the public weal. He was an energetic friend—it might almost be said agitator—of temperance. He was one of the most accomplished and useful members of the Missouri Historical Society, and he found recreation for many years in investigating obscure questions in American history.

## MR. FRANK BROWN.

THE people of Baltimore, and the politicians as well, were astonished at the resignation of Mr. I. PARKER VEAZEY, who was appointed Postmaster a year ago; and on the same day that Mr. VEAZEY's resignation was sent, the President, acting on his recommendation, appointed Mr. FRANK BROWN as his successor. Though a somewhat prominent character in Democratic politics in Maryland, Mr. BROWN has never held any public position except membership in the Legislature. He is a farmer, whose birthplace and country home is in Carroll County. He is a man of wealth who for many years has given much time and money to further agricultural plans, and he has for several terms been President of the Maryland Agricultural and Mechanical Association. He is a prominent member also of the Maryland Jockey Club. Mr. BROWN's political activity has shown itself in work for his party rather than for himself. During the last State campaign he was Treasurer of the Democratic Campaign Committee, and many of his friends insisted on his becoming a candidate for State Treasurer. He is now in his fortieth year, and he is regarded in Maryland as a man of political ambition, with the chances to win that youth and wealth, party loyalty and social distinction, give. His appointment is satisfactory to the Maryland Democrats from a party point of view, but it is not regarded as a favor to any particular leader.

## MR. JOSEPH C. HENDRIX.

MR. JOSEPH C. HENDRIX, whom President CLEVELAND has appointed Postmaster at Brooklyn, was born in Missouri. He came to New York State first as a student at Cornell University. He went from college immediately into journalism, and he soon became a reporter of Brooklyn news for the New York *Sun*. It was thus that he became a citizen of Brooklyn, and made a large acquaintance there. In 1883 he was elected chairman of the Committee of One Hundred, which was intrusted with the organization of the Democratic party in Kings County, and in the same year he was the Democratic candidate for Mayor against Mr. SETH LOW.

Mr. HENDRIX is held in high esteem by men of all parties, and the news of his appointment was received with general satisfaction. "My selection by the President," he said, "was a surprise to me. I made no application for the appointment, nor did I work for it in any way." His partisan service and loyalty have been such that the Brooklyn Democrats can make no complaint that the President has disregarded party claims, but Mr. HENDRIX was not one of the several candidates for the place in whose behalf a sort of campaign was conducted at Washington.

THE NEW GROUNDS OF THE METROPOLITAN BASE-BALL CLUB ON STATEN ISLAND.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 311.]

# THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.*

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," etc.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

Meanwhile the man of their talk had pursued his solitary way eastward till weariness overtook him, and he looked about for a place of rest. His heart was so exacerbated at parting from the girl that he could not face an inn, or even a household of the most humble kind; and entering a field, he lay down under a wheat rick, feeling no want of food. The very heaviness of his soul caused him to sleep profoundly.

The bright autumn sun shining into his eyes across the stubble awoke him the next morning early. He opened his basket and ate for his breakfast what he had packed for his supper, and in doing so overhauled the remainder of his kit. Although everything he brought necessitated carriage at his own back, he had secreted among his tools a few of Elizabeth Jane's cast-off belongings, in the shape of gloves, shoes, a scrap of her handwriting, and the like; and in his pocket he carried a curl of her hair. Having looked at these things, he closed them up again and went onward.

During five consecutive days Henchard's rush basket rode along upon his shoulder between the highway hedges, the new yellow of the rushes catching the eye of an occasional field-laborer as he glanced over the quickset, together with the wayfarer's hat and head and down-turned face, over which the twig shadows moved in endless procession. It now became apparent that the direction of his journey was Weydon Priors, which he reached on the afternoon of the sixth day.

The renowned hill, whereon the annual fair had been held for so many generations, was now bare of human beings, and almost of aught besides. A few sheep grazed thereabout, but these ran off when Henchard halted upon the summit. He deposited his basket upon the turf, and looked about with sad curiosity, till he discovered the road by which his wife and himself had entered on the upland so memorable to both, two or three and twenty years before.

"Yes, we came up that way," he said, after ascertaining his bearings. "She was carrying the baby, and I was reading a ballet sheet. Then we crossed about here—she so sad and weary, and I speaking to her hardly at all, because of my cursed pride, and mortification at being poor. Then we saw the tent—that must have stood more this way." He walked to another spot; it was not really where the tent had stood, but it seemed so to him. "Here we went in, and here we sat down. I faced this way. Then I drank, and committed my crime. It must have been just on that very pixy-ring that she was standing when she said her last words to me before going off with him. I can hear their sound now, and the sound of her sobs: 'Oh, Mike, I've lived with thee all this while, and had nothing but temper. Now I'm no more to 'ee—I'll try my luck elsewhere.'"

He experienced not only the bitterness of a man who finds, in looking back upon an ambitious course, that what he has sacrificed in sentiment was worth as much as what he had gained in substance, but the superadded bitterness of seeing his very recantation nullified. He had been sorry for all this long ago; but his attempts to replace ambition by love had been as fully foiled as his ambition itself. His wronged wife had foiled them by a fraud so grandly simple as to be almost a virtue.

It was an odd sequence that out of all this wronging of social law came that flower of Nature, Elizabeth. Part of his wish to wash his hands of life arose from his perceptions of such contrarious inconsistencies—of Nature's jaunty readiness to support bad social principles.

He intended to go on from this place—visited as an act of penance—into another part of the country altogether. But he could not help thinking of Elizabeth, and the quarter of the horizon in which she lay. Out of this it happened that the centrifugal tendency imparted by weariness of the world was counteracted by the centripetal influence of his love for his step-daughter. As a consequence, instead of following a straight course yet further away from Casterbridge in his search for employment, Henchard gradually, almost unconsciously, deflected from that right line of his first intention, till, by degrees, his path, like that of the Canadian woodsman, became part of a circle, of which Casterbridge formed the long-distant centre. In ascending any particular hill he ascertained the bearings as nearly as he could by means of the sun, moon, or stars, and settled in his mind the exact direction in which Casterbridge and Elizabeth Jane lay. Sneering at himself for his weakness, he yet every hour—nay, every few minutes—conjectured her actions for the time being—her sitting down and rising up, her goings and comings, till thought of Farfrae's counter-influence would pass like a cold blast over a pool, and efface her image. And then he would say of himself, "Oh, you fool! All this about a daughter who is no daughter of thine!"

At length he obtained employment at his old occupation of hay-trusser, work of that sort being in demand at this autumn time. The scene of his hiring was a pastoral farm near the old western highway, whose course was the channel of all such communications as passed between the busy centres of novelty and the remote Wessex boroughs. He had chosen the neighborhood of this artery from a sense that situated here, though at a distance of fifty miles, he was virtually nearer to her whose welfare was so dear than he would be at a roadless spot only half as remote.

And thus Henchard found himself again on the precise standing which he had occupied five-and-twenty years before. Externally there was nothing to hinder his making another start on the upward slope, and by his new lights achieving higher things than his soul in its half-formed state had been able to accomplish. But the ingenious machinery contrived by the gods for reducing human possibilities of amelioration to a minimum—which arranges that wisdom to do shall come *pari passu* with the departure of zest for doing—stood in the way of all that. He had no wish to make an arena a second time of a world that had become a mere painted scene to him.

Very often, as his hay knife crunched down among the sweet-smelling grassy stems, he would survey mankind, and say to himself, "Here and everywhere are folk dying before their time like frosted leaves, though wanted by the world, the country, and their own families as badly as can be, while I, an outcast and an encumbrance, wanted by nobody, live on, and can't die if I try."

He often kept an eager ear upon the conversation of those who passed along the road, not from a general curiosity by any means, but in the hope that among these travellers to and from Casterbridge some would sooner or later speak of that place. The distance, however, was too great to lend much probability to his desire, and the highest result of his attention to way-side words was that he did, indeed, hear the name of "Casterbridge" uttered one day by the driver of a road wagon. Henchard ran to the gate of the field he worked in, and hailed the speaker, who was a stranger.

"Yes, I've come from there, maister," he said, in answer to Henchard's inquiry. "I trade up and down, ye know, though what with this travelling without horses, that's getting so common, my work will soon be done."

"Anything moving in the old place, may I ask?"

"All the same as usual."

"I've heard that Mr. Farfrae, the late Mayor, is thinking of getting married. Now is that true or not?"

"I couldn't say for the life o' me. Oh no; I should think not."

"But, yes, John; you forget," said a woman inside the wagon tilt. "What were those packages we took there at the beginning of the week? Surely they said a wedding was coming off soon—on Martin's Day."

The man declared he remembered nothing about it, and the wagon went on jangling over the hill.

Henchard was convinced that the woman's memory served her well. The date was an extremely probable one, there being no reason for delay on either side. He might, for that matter, write and inquire of Elizabeth, but his instinct for sequestration had made the course difficult. Yet before he left her she had said that for him to be absent from her wedding was not as she wished it to be.

The remembrance would continually revive in him now that it was not Elizabeth and Farfrae who had driven him away from them, but his own haughty sense that his presence was no longer desired. What if he had been mistaken in his views?—if there had been no necessity that his own absolute separation from her should be involved in the incident of her marriage?

He proceeded to draw a picture of the alternative—himself living like a fangless lion about back rooms of a house in which his step-daughter was mistress; an inoffensive old man, tenderly smiled on by Elizabeth, and good-naturedly tolerated by her husband. It was terrible to his pride to descend so low; and yet, for the girl's sake, he might put up with anything; even from Farfrae; even snubbings and masterful tongue-scourgings. The privilege of being in the house she occupied would almost outweigh the personal humiliation.

But how to initiate this reversal of all his former resolves, without causing husband and wife to despise him for his inconsistency, was a question which made him tremble and brood.

He cut and cut his trusses two days more, and then he concluded his hesitancies by a sudden impassioned resolve to go to the wedding festivity. Neither writing nor message would be expected from him. She had regretted his determination to be absent—his unexpected presence would fill the little unsatisfied corner that would probably have place in her just heart without him.

To intrude as little of his personality as possible upon a gay event with which that personality could show nothing in keeping, he decided not to make his appearance till evening, when stiffness would have worn off, and the question who was or was not present had become a matter of indifference.

Not wishing to be in Casterbridge an hour earlier than the time planned, he started on foot two mornings before St. Martin's-tide, allowing himself about sixteen miles to perform for each of the three days' journey, reckoning the wedding day as one. There was only one town of any importance along his course, and here he stopped on the second night, not only to rest, but to prepare himself for the next evening.

Having no clothes but the working suit he stood in—now stained and distorted by their two months of hard usage—he entered a shop and made some purchases which should put him, externally at any rate, a little in harmony with the prevailing tone of the morrow. A rough yet respectable coat and hat, a new shirt and neck-cloth, were the chief of these; and having satisfied himself that in appearance at least he would not now offend her, he proceeded to the more interesting particular of buying her some present.

What should that present be? He walked up and down the street, regarding dubiously the display in the shop-windows from a gloomy sense that what he might most like to give her would be beyond his miserable pocket. A caged goldfinch met his eye; the cage was a plain and small one, the shop humble, and he concluded that he could afford the modest sum asked—afford it or not, he would have it somehow. A sheet of newspaper was tied round the bird's wire prison, and with the wrapped-up cage in his hand Henchard sought a lodging for the night.

Next day he set out upon the last stage, and was soon within the district which had been his trading-ground in by-gone years. Part of the distance he travelled by carrier, seating himself in the darkest corner at the back of that trader's van; and as the other passengers, mainly women going short journeys, mounted and alighted in front of Henchard, they talked over much local news, not the least portion of this being the wedding then in course of celebration at the town they were nearing. It appeared that the town band had been hired, and lest their convivial instincts should get the better of their skill, the further step had been taken of engaging the string band from Budmouth, so that there would be a reserve to fall back upon in case of need.

He heard, however, but few particulars beyond those known to him already, the incident of deepest interest in the ride being the soft pealing of the Casterbridge bells, which reached the traveller's ears while the van paused on the top of a hill to have the drag lowered. The time was just after twelve o'clock.

Those notes were a signal that all had gone well; that there had been no slip 'twixt cup and lip in this case; that Elizabeth Jane and Donald Farfrae were man and wife.

Henchard did not care to ride any further with his chattering companions after hearing this sound. Indeed, it quite unmanned him; and not wishing to arrive in Casterbridge till evening, he alighted here with his bundle and bird-cage, and was soon left as a lonely figure on the broad white highway.

It was the hill on which he had waited to meet Farfrae, nearly two years earlier, to tell him of the serious illness of his wife Lucetta. The place was unchanged; the same larches sighed the same notes; but Farfrae had another wife, and, as Henchard knew, a better one. He only hoped that Elizabeth Jane had obtained a better home than had been hers at the former time.

He passed the remainder of the day in a curious high-strung condition, unable to do much but think of the approaching meeting with her, and sadly satirize himself for his emotions thereon, as a Samson shorn. Such an innovation on Casterbridge customs as a flitting of bridegroom and bride from the town immediately after the ceremony was not likely; but if it should have taken place, he would wait till their return. To assure himself on this point, he asked a market-man when near the town if the newly married couple had gone away, and was promptly informed that they had not; they were at that hour, according to all accounts, entertaining a houseful of guests at their home in Corn Street.

Henchard dusted his boots, washed his hands at the river-side, and proceeded up the town. He need have made no inquiries beforehand, for, on drawing near Farfrae's residence, it was plain to the least observant that festivity prevailed within, and that Donald himself shared it, his voice being distinctly audible in the street, giving strong expression to a song of his native country. Idlers were standing on the pavement in front; and, wishing to escape the notice of these, Henchard passed quickly on to the door.

It was wide open; the hall was lighted extravagantly, and people were going up and down the stairs. His courage failed him; to enter, footsore, laden, and poorly dressed, into the midst of such resplendency was to bring needless humiliation upon her he loved, if not to court repulse from her husband. Accordingly he went round into the back street that he knew so well, entered the garden, and came quietly into the house through the kitchen, temporarily depositing the bird and cage under a bush outside to lessen the awkwardness of his arrival.

Solitude and sadness had so emolliated Henchard that he now feared circumstances he would formerly have scorned, and he began to wish that he had not taken upon himself to arrive at such a juncture. However, his progress was made unexpectedly easy by his discovering alone in the kitchen an elderly woman who seemed to be acting as provisional house-keeper during the convulsions from which Farfrae's establishment was just then suffering. She was one of those people whom nothing surprises, and though to her, a total stranger, his request must have seemed odd, she willingly volunteered to go up and inform the master and mistress of the house that he had come.

On second thoughts she said that he had better not wait in the kitchen, but come up into the little back parlor, which was empty. He thereupon followed her thither, and she left him. Just as she got across the landing to the door of the best parlor, a dance was struck up, and she returned to say that she would wait till that was over before announcing him—Mr. and Mrs. Farfrae having both joined in the figure.

The door of the front room had been taken off its hinges to give more space, and that of the room Henchard sat in being ajar, he could see fractional parts of the dancers whenever their gyrations brought them near the doorway, chiefly in the shape of the skirts of dresses and streaming curls of hair; together with about three-fifths of the band in profile, including the restless shadow of a fiddler's elbow and the tip of the bass-viol bow.

The gayety jarred upon Henchard's spirits; and he could not quite understand why Farfrae, a much-sobered man and a widower, who had had his trials, should have cared for it all, notwithstanding the fact that he was quite a young man still, and quickly kindled to enthusiasm by dance and song. That the sober Elizabeth, who had long ago appraised life at a moderate value, and who knew, in spite of her maidenhood, that marriage was, as a rule, no dancing matter, should have had zest for this revelry surprised him still more. However, young people could not quite be old people, he concluded, and custom was omnipotent.

With the progress of the dance the performers spread out somewhat, and then for the first time he caught a glimpse of the once-despised daughter who had mastered him and made his heart ache. She was in a dress of white silk or satin—he was not near enough to say which—snowy white, without a tinge of milk or cream; and the expression of her face was one of nervous pleasure rather than of gayety. Presently Farfrae came round, his exuberant movement making him conspicuous in a moment. The pair were not dancing together, but Henchard could discern that whenever the interchanges of the figure made them the partners of a moment their emotions breathed a much subtler essence than at other times.

By degrees Henchard became aware that the measure was trod by some one who out-Farfraed Farfrae in saltatory intenseness. This was strange, and it was stranger to find that the eclipsing personage was Elizabeth Jane's partner.

The first time that Henchard saw him he was sweeping grandly round, his head quivering and low down, his legs in the form of an X, and his back toward the door. The next time he came round in the other direction, his white waistcoat preceding his face, and his toes preceding his white waistcoat. That face—Henchard lived a lifetime the moment that he saw it—that face was Newson's!

Henchard pushed to the door, and for some seconds made no other movement. He rose to his feet, and stood in dark despair, obscured by "the shade from his own soul upthrown."

He was no longer the man to stand these reverses unmoved. His agitation was great, and he would fain have been gone; but before he could leave the dance had ended, the house-keeper had informed Elizabeth Jane of the stranger who awaited her, and she entered the room immediately.

"Oh—it is—Mr. Henchard!" she said, starting coldly back.

"What, Elizabeth," he cried, as he seized her hand—"what do you say? *Mr.* Henchard? Don't, don't scourge me like that; call me worthless old Henchard—anything—but don't 'ee be so cold as this! Oh, my maid, I see you have another—a real father in my place; you know all, but don't give all your heart to him. Cannot you save a little room for me?"

She flushed up, and pulled her hand away. "I could have loved you always—I would have gladly," said she. "But how can I when I know you have deceived me so—bitterly deceived me? You persuaded me that my father was not my father, allowed me to live on in ignorance of the truth for years, and then, when he came to see me, cruelly sent him away with an account of my death. Oh, how can I do anything but *hate* a man who has served me like this!"

Henchard's lips half parted to begin an explanation; but he shut them up like a vise, and uttered not a sound. How should he, there and then, set before her with any effect the palliatives of his great faults—that he had himself been deceived in her identity, till informed by her mother's letter that his own child had died; that, in the second accusation, his lie had been the last desperate throw of a gamester who loved her affection better than his own honor? Among the many hinderances to such a pleading not the least was this—that he did not sufficiently value himself to lessen his sufferings by any active means.

Waiving, therefore, his privilege of self-defence, he regarded only her discomposure. "Don't distress yourself on my account," he said, with proud self-mastery. "I would not wish it—at such a time, too, as this! I have done wrong in coming to 'ee. I see my error; but it is only for once, so forgive it. I'll never, never trouble 'ee again, Elizabeth Jane—no, not to my dying day. Good-night. Good-by!"

Thus Henchard went out from her rooms, and she saw him no more.

## CHAPTER XLV.

It was about a month after the day which closed as in the last chapter. Elizabeth Jane had grown accustomed to the novelty of her situation, and the only difference between Donald's movements now and formerly was that he hastened in-doors rather more quickly after business hours than he had been in the habit of doing for some time.

Newson had staid in Casterbridge three days after the wedding party (whose gayety, as might have been surmised, was of his making rather than of the married couple's), and was stared at and honored as became the returned Crusoe of the hour. But whether or not because Casterbridge was difficult to excite by dramatic returns and disappearances, through having been for centuries an assize town, in which sensational exits from the world, antipodean absences, and such like, were half-yearly occurrences, the inhabitants did not altogether lose their equanimity on his account. On the fourth morning he was discovered disconsolately climbing a hill, in his craving to get a glimpse of the sea from somewhere or other.

The contiguity of salt-water proved to be such a necessity of his existence that he preferred Budmouth as a place of residence, notwithstanding the society of his daughter in the other town. Thither he went, and settled in lodgings in a

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1515.

green-shuttered cottage which had a bow-window, jutting out sufficiently to afford glimpses of a vertical strip of blue sea to any one opening the sash and leaning forward far enough to look through a narrow lane of tall intervening houses.

Elizabeth Jane was standing in the middle of her upstairs parlor, critically surveying some re-arrangement of articles, with her head to one side, when the house-maid came in with the announcement, "Oh, please, ma'am, we know now how that bird-cage came there."

In exploring her new domain during the first week of residence—gazing with critical satisfaction on this cheerful room and that, penetrating cautiously into dark cellars, sallying with gingerly tread into the garden, now leaf-strewn by the autumn winds, and thus, like a wise field-marshal, estimating the capabilities of the site whereon she was about to open her house-keeping campaign—Mrs. Elizabeth Farfrae had discovered, in a screened corner, a new bird-cage shrouded in newspaper, and at the bottom of the cage a little ball of feathers—the dead body of a goldfinch. Nobody could tell her how the cage and bird had come there; though that the poor little songster had been starved to death was evident. The sadness of the incident made an impression on her. She had not been able to forget it for days, despite Farfrae's tender banter; and now, when the matter had been nearly forgotten, it was again revived.

"Oh, please, ma'am, we know how that bird-cage came there. That farmer's man that called on the evening of the wedding—he was seen with it in his hand as he came up street; and 'tis thoughted that he put it down while he came in with his message, and then went away, forgetting where he had left it."

This was enough to set Elizabeth thinking, and in thinking she seized hold of the idea, at one feminine bound, that the caged bird had been brought by Henchard for her as a wedding gift and token of repentance. He had not expressed to her any regrets or excuses for what he had done in the past, but it was a part of his nature to extenuate nothing, and live on as one of his own worst accusers. She went out, looked at the cage, buried the bird, and from that hour her heart softened toward the self-alienated man.

When her husband came in she told him her solution of the bird-cage mystery, and begged Farfrae to help her in finding out, as soon as possible, whither Henchard had banished himself, that she might make her peace with him.

Although Farfrae had never so passionately liked Henchard as Henchard had liked him, he had, on the other hand, never so passionately hated in the same direction as his former friend had done; and he was therefore not the least indisposed to assist Elizabeth Jane in her laudable plan.

But it was by no means easy to set about discovering Henchard. He had apparently sunk into the earth on leaving Mr. and Mrs. Farfrae's open front door. Elizabeth Jane remembered what he had once attempted, and trembled.

But Henchard had become a changed man since then—as far, that is, as change of emotional base can justify such a radical phrase—and she needed not to fear. In a few days Farfrae's inquiries elicited that Henchard had been seen by one who knew him walking steadily along the highway eastward at twelve o'clock at night—in other words, retracing his steps on the road by which he had come.

This was enough; and the next morning Farfrae might have been discovered driving his gig out of Casterbridge in that direction, Elizabeth Jane sitting beside him, wrapped in a thick flat fur—the victorine of the period—her complexion somewhat richer than formerly, and an incipient matronly dignity, which the serene Minerva eyes of one "whose gestures beamed with mind" made easy, settling on her face. Having herself arrived at a promising haven from, at least, the grosser troubles of her life, she was anxious to find Henchard, and do something for him before he should sink into that lower stage of existence which was only too possible to him now.

After driving along the highway for a few miles they made further inquiries, and learned of a road-mender, who had been working thereabouts for weeks, that he had observed such a man at the time mentioned; he had left the Melchester coach-road by a forking highway which crossed Ægdon Heath. Into this road they turned the horse's head, and soon were bowling across that ancient country whose surface had never been stirred to a finger's depth, save by the scratchings of rabbits, since brushed by the feet of the earliest tribes. The tumuli these had left behind, dun and shagged with heather, jutted roundly into the sky from the hill above, as though they were the full breasts of Diana Multimammia supinely extended there.

They searched Egdon, but found no Henchard. Farfrae drove onward, and by the afternoon reached the neighborhood of some woodland to the east, the first outpost of which, in the form of a blasted clump of firs on the summit of a hill, they soon passed under. That the road they were following had, up to this point, been Henchard's track on foot they were pretty certain, but the ramifications which now began to reveal themselves in the route made further progress in the right direction a matter of pure guess-work, and Donald strongly advised his wife to give up the search in person, and trust to other means for obtaining news of her step-father. They were now a score of miles at least from home, but, by resting the horse for a couple of hours at a village they had just traversed, it would be possible to get back to Casterbridge that same day; while to go much further afield would reduce them to the necessity of camping out for the night. She pondered the position, and agreed with him.

He accordingly drew rein, but before reversing their direction paused a moment, and looked vaguely around upon the wide country which the elevated position disclosed. While they looked, a solitary human form came from under the clump of trees, and crossed ahead of them. The person was some laborer; his gait was shambling, his regard fixed in front of him as absolutely as if he wore blinkers, and in his hand he carried a few sticks. Having crossed the road he descended into a ravine, where a cottage revealed itself, which he entered.

"If it were not so far away from Casterbridge I should say that must be poor Whittle. 'Tis just like him," observed Elizabeth Jane.

"And it may be Whittle, for he's never been to the yard these three weeks, going away without saying any word at all; and I owing him for two days' work, without knowing who to pay it to."

The possibility led them to alight, and at least make an inquiry at the cottage. Farfrae hitched the reins to the gate-post, and they approached what was of humble dwellings surely the humblest. The walls, built of kneaded clay originally faced with a trowel, had been worn by years of rain-washings to a lumpy crumbling surface, channelled and sunken from its plane, its gray rents held together here and there by a leafy strap of ivy, which could scarcely find substance enough for the purpose. Leaves from the fence had been blown into the corners of the doorway, and lay there undisturbed. The door was ajar; Farfrae knocked; and he who stood before them was Whittle, as they had conjectured.

His face showed marks of deep sadness, his eyes lighting on them with an unfocussed gaze; and he still held in his hand the few sticks he had been out to gather. As soon as he recognized them he started.

"What, Abel Whittle; and is it that ye are here?" said Farfrae.

"Ay, yes, sir. You see, he was kind like to mother when she wer here below, though 'a was rough to me."

"Who are you talking of?"

"Oh, sir—Mr. Henchet! Didn't ye know it? He's just gone—about half an hour ago, by the sun; for I've got no watch to my name."

"Not—dead?" faltered Elizabeth Jane.

"Yes, ma'am, he's gone. He was kind like to mother when she wer here below, sending her the best ship-coal, and hardly any ashes from it at all; and taties, and such like, that were very needful to her. So I seed him go down street on the night of your worshipful's wedding to the lady at yer side, and I thought he looked low and faltering. And I followed en over the road, and he turned and saw me, and said, 'You go back!' But I followed, and he turned again, and said, 'Do you hear, sir? Go back.' But I saw that he was low, and I followed on still. Then 'a said, 'Whittle, what do ye follow me for, when I've told ye to go back all these times?' And I said, 'Because, sir, I see things be bad with ye, and ye wer kind like to mother if ye were rough to me, and I would fain be kind like to you.' Then he walked on, and I followed; and he never complained at me any more. We walked on like that all night; and in the blue o' the morning, when 'twas hardly day, I looked ahead o' me, and I seed that he wambled, and could hardly drag along. By that time we had got past here, but I had seen that this house was empty as I went by, and I got him to come back; and I took down the boards from the windows, and helped him inside. Then I went on further, and some neighborly woodmen lent me a bed, and a chair, and a few other traps, and we brought 'em here, and made him as comfortable as we could. But he didn't gain strength, for you see, ma'am, he couldn't eat—no, no appetite at all—and he got weaker; and to-day he died. One of the neighbors have gone to get a man to measure him."

"Dear me—and is it so!" said Farfrae.

As for Elizabeth, she said nothing.

"Upon the head of his bed he pinned a piece of paper, with some writing upon it," continued Abel Whittle. "But not being a man of letters, I can't read writing; so I don't know what it is. I can get it and show ye."

They stood in silence while he ran into the cottage, returning in a moment with a crumpled scrap of paper. On it there was pencilled as follows:

"Michael Henchard's Will.

"That Elizabeth Jane Farfrae be not told of my death, or made to grieve on account of me.

"& that I be not bury'd in consecrated ground.

"& that no sexton be asked to toll the bell.

"& that nobody is wished to see my dead body.

"& that no murners walk behind me at my funeral.

"& that no flours be planted on my grave.

"& that no man remember me.

"To this I put my name.

"Michael Henchard."

"What are we to do?" said Donald, when he had handed the paper to her.

She could not answer distinctly. "Oh, Donald," she said at last. "What bitterness lies there! I would not have minded so much if it had not been for that last parting! But there's no altering—so it must be."

What Henchard had written in the anguish of his dying was respected to the letter by Elizabeth Jane, though less from a sense of the sacredness of last words, as such, than from her independent knowledge that the man who wrote them meant what he said. She knew the directions to be a piece of the same stuff that his whole life was made of, and hence were not to be tampered with to give herself a mournful pleasure, or her husband credit for large-heartedness.

All was over at last, even her regrets for having misunderstood him on his final visit, though these were deep and sharp for a good while. From this time forward Elizabeth Jane found herself in a latitude of calm weather, kindly and grateful in itself, and doubly so after the Capharnaum in which some of her preceding years had been spent. As the lively and sparkling emotions of her early married life cohered into an equable serenity, the finer movements of her nature found scope in discovering to the narrow-lived ones around her the secret (as she had learnt it) of making poverty endurable, which she deemed to consist in the cunning enlargement by a species of microscopic treatment, even to the magnitude of positive pleasure, those minute forms of satisfaction that offer themselves to everybody not in positive pain; which, thus handled, have much of the same inspiriting effect upon life as wider interests cursorily embraced.

Her teaching had a reflex action upon herself, insomuch that she thought she could perceive no great personal difference between being respected in the nether parts of Casterbridge and glorified at the uppermost end of the social world.

Her position was, indeed, to a marked degree one that, in the common phrase, afforded much to be thankful for. That she was not demonstratively thankful was no fault of hers. Her experience had been of a kind to teach her, rightly or wrongly, that the doubtful honor of a brief transit through a sorry world hardly called for effusiveness, even when the path was suddenly irradiated at some half-way point by daybeams rich as hers. But her strong sense that neither she nor any human being deserved less than was given, did not blind her to the fact that there were others receiving less who had deserved much more. And in being forced to class herself among the fortunate she did not cease to wonder at the persistence of the unforeseen, when the one to whom such unbroken tranquillity had been accorded in the adult stage was she whose youth had seemed to teach that happiness was but the occasional episode in a general drama of pain.

THE END.

## MINNEAPOLIS.

Seeing the city now, it is hard to believe that thirty years ago Minneapolis did not exist, and that the ground on which it stands was part of a military reservation. The old pioneer—Colonel John H. Stevens—who built the first cabin on the west side of the Falls of St. Anthony, where the greater part of the city now lies, still lives, stout and vigorous, as the editor of a Minneapolis agricultural newspaper. It was a year from the time that he built that cabin before the adventurous Stevens had any neighbors but red ones—Sioux and Chippewas. In the quarter of a century which has passed since then a city of 130,000 inhabitants has sprouted out of the prairie, and land which he took up for nothing an acre is now worth a thousand dollars the front foot.

Minneapolis, then, has some right to be proud of herself and her record. Nor, to tell the truth, does she fail to exercise her right. She *is* proud of both. Just now she is perhaps unusually demonstrative in her pride, for with the beginning of the new year there was a colossal totting up of the city's accounts for the past twelve-month. For a space the city was desolated with a plague of statistics, and the results of those statistics Minneapolitans have hardly finished gloating over yet.

According to the State census of July last, the city had then a population of 129,201. Her city property is valued at $77,468,267, and $1,532,040 were spent last year in public improvements. During the twelve months 3370 new buildings were erected in the city, at a total cost of $9,715,050, and her manufacturing establishments produced goods to the value of $54,060,700; her wholesale trade for the year was estimated at sixty-one millions, and her jobbers' sales at one hundred and thirty-seven millions. But it is the contemplation of her flouring industry that has done most to blight the young modesty of Minneapolis. The local papers—of which there are three dailies, the *Tribune*, *Journal*, and *Gazette*—delight to abandon themselves to arithmetical orgies, wild debauches of statistics, wherein, by column after column of figures, they prove things regarding the city's wheat and flour trade which appall and shock the non-resident. Her wheat receipts last year amounted to over thirty-two millions of bushels (against twenty-five millions received in New York and nineteen millions in Chicago), of which she shipped again nearly five million bushels, and made 5,100,962 barrels of flour out of (presumably) the rest. These are but grains of sand from the Sahara of figures with which the city has been laid waste.

But apart from these statistics (which are the curse of every "growing city"), Minneapolis has many of the elements which go to make up a charming place of residence, with the broad Mississippi winding through the level town site to where it slips clamorously over the falls, with all its parks and boulevards, with its wide streets and avenues, almost all of which are bordered with trees, till in summer-time the whole city is half smothered in their greenery, and, above all, with Minnehaha Falls, and these charming Minnesota lakes lying so close at hand. Minnetonka is only nine miles out—and a lovely sheet of water is Minnetonka—while two smaller lakes, Harriet and Calhoun, are actually included within the city limits.

Of course the city still bears plentiful traces of its youth. It has not yet all escaped from the unlovely tadpole stage. The municipal government is kept desperately busy struggling to make public improvements keep pace with the rapid growth in size and population, and there still remains abundance of work for the city government to do. But for the most part the streets in the centre of the city, in the main business portion, are singularly imposing. The small unsightly frame houses, relics of the village epoch, have almost disappeared, and in their places have arisen not a few buildings which would look sumptuous enough even in New York.

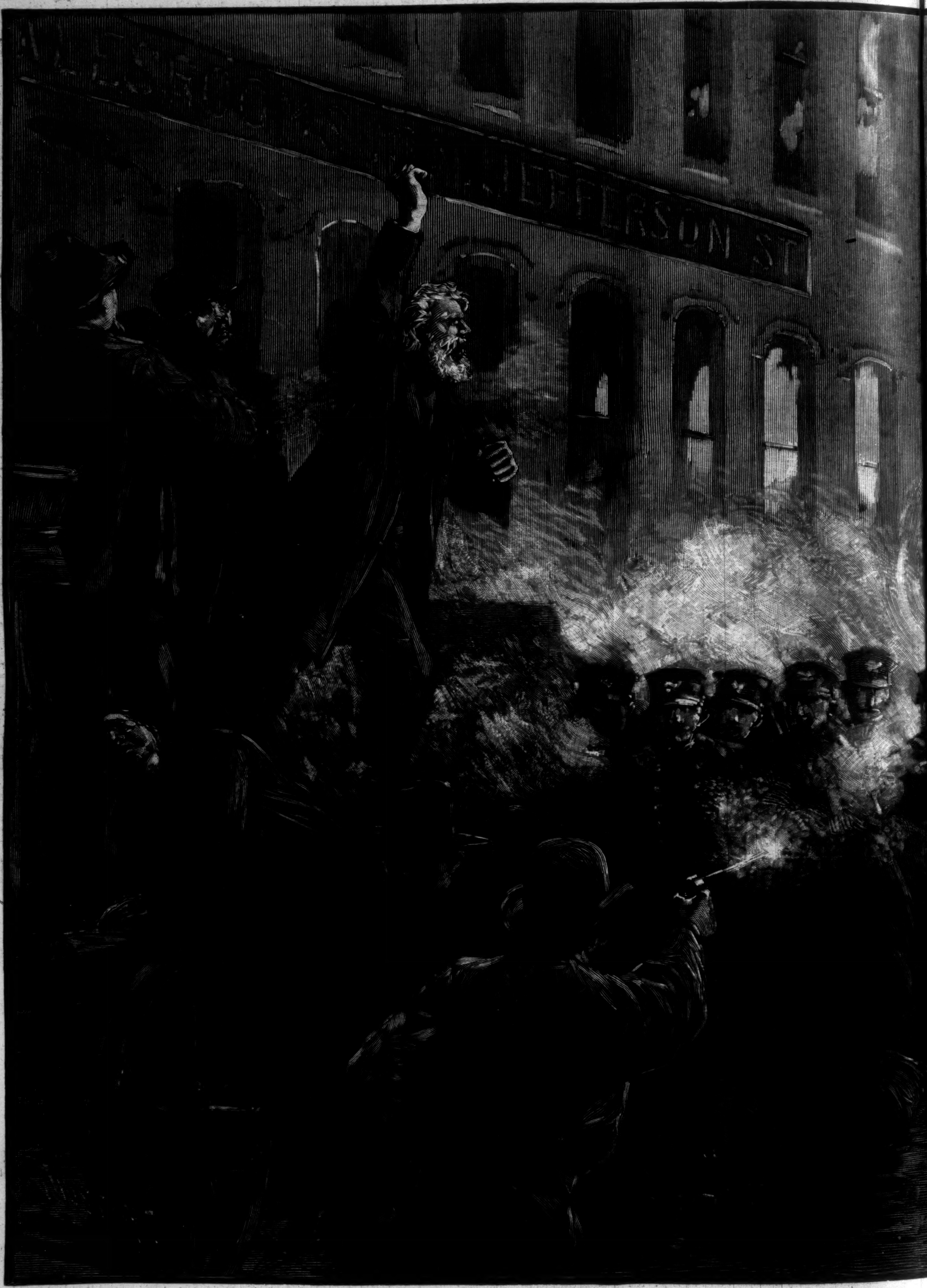
Prominent, perhaps chief, among these is the West Hotel, a splendid structure of red pressed brick and white marble, with some exceptionally pleasing architectural bits in it, as the accompanying cut of the main entrance will show. The cost of the great hostelry is reported to have been a million and a half—an estimate which does not seem extravagant. This red pressed brick is the favorite material for business blocks in Minneapolis, and on Nicollet and Hennepin avenues (many quaint old names are wisely preserved in the local nomenclature) stand several such which are architecturally admirable—the Mackey Legg Block, for instance, the Sidle, Lindley-Skiles, Academy of Music, and Syndicate blocks, and the new Loan and Trust Company's building. But the two structures which have the most individuality, and which (though little prized by Minneapolitans) must delight a visitor, are an incongruous old market-house, which must have been stolen bodily from some ancient Spanish town, and the Suspension Bridge across the Mississippi. This latter was lately placed under sentence of death, and it seems yet uncertain whether the sentence has been revoked or not. It is far from being unsightly, with its bold rough stone towers and graceful span; but the citizens, or part of them—and that part controlling the City Council—took it into their heads that they needed a broader passageway across the river. So arrangements were commenced for the building of a spacious eighty-foot wide, four-hundred-thousand-dollar, stone arch bridge in the place of the present structure, which would then have to be pulled down, and (the indignity of it!) sold—its cables at least—for wire fencing. When the city had grown older and wiser it would regret the lost suspension-bridge.

## BASE-BALL ON STATEN ISLAND.

The people of New York city are not in the least danger of suffering, during the coming summer, from a dearth of base-ball. In fact, there is an embarrassment of that pastime, and the youth who undertakes to view the professional exhibitions will be daily torn by conflicting desires, one drawing him to the League game in Harlem and another to the Association game twelve miles away. A picture is given in this issue of the new base-ball field of the Metropolitan Club on Staten Island. The grounds were formally opened on the 22d of last month by a game between the Metropolitans and the Athletics of Philadelphia, both nines being, as is generally well known, members of the American Association. There was a large number of spectators present, and the new grounds were by most people pronounced a success, the only fault being that the enclosed space is not sufficiently large to permit of really heavy batting without danger of the ball's going over the fence. As far as the accessibility of the new grounds to the business centre of New York is concerned, they have an advantage over the Polo Grounds at One-hundred-and-tenth Street, for they lie directly at the St. George ferry landing on Staten Island (the nearest point to New York), and are reached after a sail of only twenty minutes from the Battery.

Since the close of last year's base-ball season the Metropolitan Club has become the property of a stock association, known as the Staten Island and Amusement Company. The franchise was purchased by Mr. Erastus Wiman, who was afterward compelled to defend the value of his property in the courts, an attempt having been made by certain other clubs of the American Association to expel the Metropolitans from that association. In this attempt they were quite properly defeated, and the Metropolitan nine, having been strengthened and improved as far as possible by its managers, has entered into the race for the Association championship with all its rights and privileges intact. It cannot be said, however, that the Metropolitans have started the season in a way that gives much promise of success. They have been repeatedly and badly beaten by clubs which were supposed to be their inferiors. The nine is well organized, however, and under the care of Mr. James M. Gifford, who has been engaged as "team manager," they may pull up and take a prominent place in the race before the season is ended. It is certainly too early at this date to enter into any predictions concerning the general result.

The American Association consists, besides the Metropolitans, of the Brooklyns, the Athletics of Philadelphia, the Baltimores, the Pittsburghs, the Louisvilles, the Cincinnatis, and a St. Louis nine. All the home games of the "Mets" with the nines just mentioned will be played at the new grounds on Staten Island. Whatever else may be said of these grounds, they furnish a most charming site for an open-air contest of any description, and make an attractive place of resort on a hot day, independent of the quality of any game that is to take place there. The Amusement Company has proceeded, apparently without regard to cost, in the erection of a handsome and convenient building for the spectators, which has two enormous galleries shaded by roof from the sun and commanding a view not only of the ball field, but of the beautiful harbor beyond. In the space behind and below the galleries are spacious dining-rooms, where hot meals and refreshments of all kinds are served. In addition to the ball games, and during the absence of the home nine on its Western tour, an interesting series of lacrosse matches is to take place on these new Staten Island grounds, and a number of strong Canadian lacrosse clubs have signified their intention of participating in the tournament.




THE ANARCHIST RIOT IN CHICAGO—A DYNAMITE BOMB EXPLODING AMONG THE PO

CE.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from Sketches and Photographs furnished by H. Jeanneret.—[See Page 315.]

## PRISCILLA.

PRISCILLA's beauty was of that shadowy and spiritual kind that it took a good while to find out that she was a beauty at all. Certainly Priscilla's sisters, the Misses Mildmay, had sublime faith in Priscilla's charms; but the poor girl herself had spent so much of her twenty-one years of life trying to conform to the standard of behavior inculcated in the Misses Mildmay's boarding and day school for young ladies and little girls that it had robbed her of that delicious and ingenuous vanity which is the glorious inheritance of pretty young things of her gender. The Misses Mildmay lived in an imposing four-story brick mansion in a street of the sternest respectability; there was not a suspicion of the shop in the stately front door, and the heavily draped windows bore no advertising sign. The tall man-servant who opened the door was loftily oblivious to the pupils who sneaked in by the garden way. The Misses Mildmay had made money in their school—and it was all for Priscilla. Had this youngest birdling in the dove-cot been like her elder sisters, nothing could have been better contrived than the scheme of happiness proposed to her. But unfortunately Priscilla was no more a Mildmay than she was a Montmorency or a Condé. It is true that she conformed outwardly to the Mildmay model, but nature's original Priscilla was a merry, fiery young creature with peachy cheeks and a perpetual smile and a good appetite. All these things, however, were kept in abeyance—particularly her color and her appetite. Had that dignified footman been cut up into juicy chops for Priscilla's breakfast, and that mahogany door been made into rich soups for Priscilla's dinner, she would no doubt have lost some of that pretty pallor, that pathetic look out of her dark eyes; but the income of the Misses Mildmay did not admit of the footman and the mahogany door and the juicy chops and rich soups too, so they skimped on the dinners, skimped on the amusements, skimped on all those vanities that had never had any charms for them, but which Mother Nature, who is obstinate as well as perverse, had meant for the younger sister.

The Mildmay religion was necessarily of a well-bred and repressive type; but Priscilla was given to getting up early and walking long distances to early services, and coming back pale and breathless, as if she had passed through some exciting experience. And instead of reading the books of devotion proposed by her sisters, she had a way of devouring *Thomas à Kempis* as if it contained all there was of truth. When the elder Miss Mildmay hinted to old Dr. Sunbury that Priscilla's piety was not exactly of a quiet, well-governed kind, he smiled faintly.

"Don't trouble about the child. On rainy Sundays I find myself watching her face while they are singing the first hymn. It makes me forget the dampness, coldness. I'm susceptible to weather influences, and on those occasions Priscilla's face helps me."

One afternoon Dr. Sunbury, walking down the quiet streets of West Harrowby—it was half town, half village—met Priscilla hurrying along. She stopped suddenly when she saw him, and blushed guiltily all over her face and neck, while her pretty eyes sought the ground. "Come, come," said the old doctor, good-humoredly; "you've been going to hear that military parson again."

Although Priscilla seemed embarrassed, she had not walked and talked with Dr. Sunbury all these years without knowing him, so she was not very much frightened after all. "Yes, I have, Dr. Sunbury," she said, simply.

"It's the old story. Even if a man has once been a soldier, he's exalted—" Dr. Sunbury stopped.

"But I *do* feel," said Priscilla, in a distressed voice, "as if it were a kind of—ingratitude—forgetfulness, to leave St. John's."

"Why?" asked Dr. Sunbury, walking soberly along, with his hands behind his back.

"*You* know," answered Priscilla, reproachfully.

"No, I don't," said Dr. Sunbury. "I always thought myself a liberal man. I see no reason why you should think me otherwise. Mr. Thorburn is an eloquent preacher. I am told that he has reformed that colony of brick-makers on the edge of the town so that they have ceased to be the terror of their neighbors, and come to church in such crowds that the more respectable part of the congregation complain they are crowded out by them. Why should not the young and enthusiastic go to hear him?"

Priscilla sighed.

Priscilla took Dr. Sunbury's advice, and on week-days and Sunday afternoons forsook the comfortable cushioned pews of St. John's for St. Philip's bare and somewhat cheerless interior. Mr. Thorburn, and his hearers too, would probably have been surprised to know that Dr. Sunbury had called him eloquent. He had been a soldier many more years than he had been a clergyman; and as a trim military mustache and a quick military walk and something suggestive of a sword in the way he carried his clerical cane still clung to him, so did a certain authoritative manner of speaking—a plain, soldier-like bluntness of speech, far removed from conventional pulpit eloquence. "Now, brethren," he would say, very much in the tone of "Attention!"

The tea tables of West Harrowby did not see Mr. Thorburn often. Once a month he dined with Dr. Sunbury, and occasionally Dr. Sunbury walked over to his brother clergyman's modest lodgings in East Harrowby and smoked a pipe of peace with him. Everybody knew Mr. Thorburn's history. He had met with the most awful of domestic calamities—the wife whom he loved had lost her mind. Clearly society could give Mr. Thorburn no pleasure.

Priscilla's face had not escaped Mr. Thorburn. He had keen eyes, and he saw everything. He saw Priscilla with wonder. Women, as a rule, did not flock to his church. They said they found his sermons cold. Men, and some of them none of the best, chiefly made up his audiences. It was not hard anywhere to observe Priscilla's snow-drop face in her little black bonnet, with her eager, beseeching eyes. After a while Mr. Thorburn began to feel their mesmeric influence, as Dr. Sunbury had done ever since she was fifteen. He began to watch for her, to preach at her, to feel that she understood him—a very comfortable thing for a public speaker. Of course he knew who Miss Priscilla Mildmay was—"Very nice, but not the equal of the elder Misses Mildmay," he usually heard—and sometimes they had met at Dr. Sunbury's. As Mr. Thorburn was naturally a silent man, and Priscilla lacked courage in a drawing-room, they scarcely exchanged half a dozen words. It came about, though, as these things will, that in the course of his parish work he came upon Priscilla—Priscilla teaching a class of ragged boys their lessons, after having taught the most stylish young ladies in West Harrowby the most elegant branches of a polite education. Some way, all the restraint they had felt in Dr. Sunbury's drawing-room melted away in the little bare school-room. There Priscilla reigned supreme, calmly confident under Mr. Thorburn's searching gaze. She had a peculiar knack of teaching. Her gentle, "Now, please, boys," had the same effect as Mr. Thorburn's stern, "See, you fellows, behave yourselves." Mr. Thorburn watched with admiration the tact with which she managed her somewhat unruly crowd.

Of course all this teaching did not go on with the unqualified approbation of the Misses Mildmay. Priscilla showed a phenomenal determination about it, and being upheld by Dr. Sunbury, who in some way always encouraged her vagaries, the Misses Mildmay, although they might look coldly on it, could not forbid it.

It did not take much to violently excite West Harrowby; and therefore when the Harrowby *Union-Palladium* published one morning, with a big display head that covered half the first page of the paper, the burning of the Northern Lunatic Asylum, a certain circumstance connected therewith gave West Harrowby something to talk about for a week. Five inmates of the female ward were missing. When the roll was called among them, Mrs. Eleanor Thorburn and five bodies charred beyond recognition were found in the ruins of the building. Some days after that a notice appeared in the obituary column of the *Union-Palladium*: "Suddenly, on the 17th of February, Mrs. Eleanor Thorburn, wife of the Reverend Edmund Thorburn, of East Harrowby." That was all.

Nobody—not the most censorious—could accuse Mr. Thorburn of not paying scrupulous respect to his wife's memory. Yet it made but little outward difference in his life. For two or three Sundays he was absent from his pulpit, and when he reappeared he wore a band of crape upon his hat.

So things went on until nearly two years had slipped past. One spring afternoon Dr. Sunbury, with his particular chum and crony Dr. Forman, the great light of the medical profession in and about Harrowby, was enjoying a quiet saunter through the familiar shady street. They had wrestled in argument so often, and practised in company so much, that Dr. Sunbury had become a pretty good doctor of medicine, and Dr. Forman was no mean proficient in theology. Right in the midst of a friendly-fierce wrangle on the subject of ecclesiastical history, Dr. Forman suddenly remarked, "That's going to be a match."

As Dr. Sunbury glanced up he saw Mr. Thorburn, as he met Priscilla Mildmay, stop, smile, speak a few words, and, lifting his hat, go upon his way.

"Bless my soul!" almost shouted Dr. Sunbury, stopping short and gazing at Dr. Forman's immovable face.

"Why not?" said the physician, testily. "I see them together half a dozen times a week."

Dr. Sunbury was at heart an inveterate match-maker, as all truly benevolent old persons are apt to be, and as soon as he allowed his imagination to feast upon the idea of a match between Thorburn and Priscilla, its manifest fitness impressed itself so upon him that he would fain have got out a license, gone to them, and commanded them to stand up and be married immediately. He did, however, firmly resolve to give Thorburn a hint; but giving Thorburn hints was always a matter of more or less difficulty with everybody. At last, however, the opportunity came, and Dr. Sunbury seized it courageously. He had been spending the evening with Mr. Thorburn at his lodgings, and the other clergyman happening to mention, as Dr. Sunbury was taking his leave, that he thought of getting lodgings elsewhere, Dr. Sunbury remarked quite naturally that he "had heard something regarding Mr. Thorburn and Miss Priscilla Mildmay which perhaps accounted for the proposed change." They were standing at Mr. Thorburn's door, and by the bright moonlight Dr. Sunbury saw the dark flush which overspread Mr. Thorburn's somewhat saturnine face.

"I—I assure you—" he began; and then, after a pause, "I am too old."

"Nonsense!" replied Dr. Sunbury. "Priscilla is nearly twenty-four" (ah! doctor, you know she was only twenty-three month before last), "and you are—let me see—thirty-seven."

"Thirty-nine," conscientiously said Mr. Thorburn.

"Well, thirty-nine. You are enough man of the world to see that age interposes no obstacle in the case. However, I shall say no more. Good-night."

"If I hadn't been going just then, I don't think I could have said it," confidentially remarked Dr. Sunbury to Dr. Forman.

The little seed that Dr. Sunbury had planted in Mr. Thorburn's mind grew, and waxed to be a great tree. But all the time he looked upon it as impossible. Priscilla was but a child, and he was a man grown old in sorrow, in suffering, and labor. No, it could never be. And having come to the conclusion that he was in no danger whatever, Mr. Thorburn fared just as such presumptuous Samsons always do—met Priscilla under the most adverse circumstances, running home from a shower, and in a manner the most unexpected to himself proposed to her just as they came in front of the West Harrowby savings-bank, which was also the post-office and the principal apothecary's shop. Priscilla's behavior was of a piece with his own. The idea had never been presented to her mind before, and it was a matter that required the utmost circumspection in deciding, and yet by the time she reached her own door she had accepted Mr. Thorburn, the rain meanwhile from his umbrella trickling in little rivers down her back. There was neither time nor opportunity for love-making in the midst of a pouring shower upon the pavement in front of the Mildmay mansion, so Mr. Thorburn could only take her little cold hand and say, "God bless you, God bless you, my Priscilla!"

In due course of time the wedding—a very quiet one—came off, and Mr. and Mrs. Thorburn were settled in a modest rectory in East Harrowby. The Misses Mildmay had suggested—indeed, urged—that Mr. Thorburn should establish his rectory in the more fashionable precinct of West Harrowby, but Mr. Thorburn demurred, on the ground of its being a clergyman's duty to live in his parish.

They were as happy as the day was long. Priscilla, under the new influence of happiness and good roast beef and a daily pint of porter, grew rosy, and blossomed out into a regular beauty, and Mr. Thorburn's face lost that painful expression it had been wont to wear when he strode through the streets on his parish work. And time went by so fast—so fast; they had been married nearly three years, when they felt as if their honey-moon was just beginning.

It was getting toward dusk one misty November afternoon when Priscilla went tripping past Dr. Forman's house, which stood on the opposite side of the street. The moisture from the overhanging branches of the elm-trees was dripping upon her, and her boots were quite soaked through. Across the way the doctor was just stepping out of his buggy, and she stopped and debated whether she should not go over and ask him to drive her a quarter of a mile further down the road to St. Philip's rectory. As she stood hesitating, a woman approached her out of the mist, and spoke.

"May I inquire," she said, "the way to the house of the Reverend Mr. Thorburn?"

She was perhaps forty, and had once been pretty. Even now a certain pathetic charm attached to her, and the voice and accent were of that cultivated kind that established her title to be called a lady, in spite of the extreme plainness of her attire.

"Yes," said Priscilla, with ready politeness; "just down the road, the first house to the left. You will have to wait an hour or two, perhaps, though, for Mr. Thorburn. He is seldom in before half past six. I am Mrs. Thorburn, you see," she said, smiling.

The stranger looked at her for a moment with a kind of wide-eyed horror, and throwing up her arms in the air, fell prone on the ground as if she had received a pistol-shot through the heart.

Priscilla had never been brought face to face with any startling emergencies during her quiet life. She stood for a moment frozen with terror, and then ran like a deer across to where Dr. Forman stood giving some directions to his man.

"Oh, doctor, come! run as fast as you can." She pointed to the prostrate figure lying in the muddy road. Dr. Forman gave one glance, and started at a smart pace, Priscilla keeping up with him, and telling him breathlessly what had occurred. The doctor bent down, turned the unfortunate woman over on her face, and said two words, "Dead faint."

"Can't I do something?" said Priscilla, hovering near.

"Yes. Go and tell Sam to come here at once, and then go home yourself. You'll have another touch of rheumatism if you go out in this weather. I shall speak to Thorburn about it."

The doctor was a man of authority; so Priscilla, after sending Sam over, and returning only to be sharply ordered about her business, went home. Mr. Thorburn was later than usual that night. A strike was threatened among the brick-makers, and they had said they would treat with him and with no one else. Next morning he was off bright and early, Priscilla making no mention of her aching joints. Before night the doctor's promised touch of rheumatism had set in. Priscilla made light of it, but agreed to send for Dr. Forman, and having two good servants, insisted that Thorburn should attend to the business of averting the strike. Instead of coming himself, young Dr. Curtis, Dr. Forman's assistant, came. Dr. Forman had a very ill patient. Mrs. Thorburn inquired eagerly about the woman who had dropped in the street. Dr. Curtis had heard Dr. Forman say something about it, but supposed it was all right, as he had heard nothing further on the subject. Mrs. Thorburn would be all right too if she would stay in the house in bad weather, and take care of herself.

The incident made no very particular impression on Priscilla. But on the night after it had happened, Dr. Sunbury got a very pressing message from Dr. Forman. He went at once to the doctor's house, picking his way through the dark November night; and Dr. Forman opened the door himself, and led the way into his little back office, where he told his visitor of the patient he had found in the street, and who at that moment lay upstairs in the doctor's spare bedroom, with the doctor's house-keeper in attendance on her.

"And—she—is—" Dr. Forman hesitated. "She is—the first wife of Mr. Thorburn."

Dr. Sunbury rose from his chair and sat down again. He raised his hand as if in denunciation. "May God—"

"Wait. He is as guiltless as you are." Dr. Forman paused a minute or two, and then took up the thread of his discourse where he had left off describing his sending Priscilla Thorburn home. "I brought her, with my man's help, into the house, and had her put in bed. It was plainly nothing but a faint; but she went from one fainting spell into another, and when I had finally brought her round, the fainting spell changed into convulsions. For hours I worked with her. At last I stopped them, and got her under the influence of an opiate. I was tired myself, and went to bed to get a few hours' sleep, leaving word for Curtis to be called. In the middle of the night I was waked by Jane standing by my bedside, looking frightened out of her wits. 'Do, pray, Dr. Forman, come to the strange lady.' When I got to the room she was lying in the bed, weak, but perfectly conscious. She intimated to me that she wished to say something to me privately. Of course I tried to induce her to put it off, but she was determined. So I sent Jane out of the room. Then she said, 'Doctor, I am the first wife of Edmund Thorburn.' I was incredulous, and thought her crazy, the more so that the next thing she told me was that she had been for the last six years in a lunatic asylum. But when she told me her story I saw that she was at that moment as sane as I was. It is an interesting case," said the doctor, suddenly falling into his professional tone. "No family taint—violent fever, followed by more violent insanity, and likely to result in a cure." After a moment he continued: "She, of course, remembered nothing of her first attack. She called it insanity; nothing insane in her way of speaking of it, using just the same terms you or I would, without evasion, and supposes now that from certain faint recollections her cure had begun about the time of the asylum fire. She remembers something of the scene, and the next thing finding herself shivering and half clad in a railway train. She remembers nothing more until she became an inmate of the Central Lunatic Asylum. There were no means of identifying her for a long time. She had been supplied with clothes by charitable people on the train. No inquiries were made about her, which she could not understand until I told her of her supposed death. She was called Mrs. March, because it was in the month of March that she was brought to the asylum. Her recovery was gradual, but it is a common experience with such persons that their own names and individuality is the last for the restored mind to grasp. About six months ago she became perfectly herself. She felt an entirely sane and rational doubt of herself, until time had tested it; but about a month ago she gave such information of herself as led to a letter being written to Brightwood, where Thorburn had a church at the time of her illness. Thorburn was not there, but an answer was received saying he was at East Harrowby. They wrote again. That letter could never have been delivered, and, after waiting four weeks for an answer, Mrs. Thorburn persuaded the superintendent to allow her to come here with an attendant to find her friends. The attendant found some acquaintances, and began to gossip with them. Mrs. Thorburn tells me that she felt shame and horror at returning to her husband's house accompanied by a keeper; so she slipped off, and met Priscilla. You know the rest."

Dr. Sunbury sat looking like a man paralyzed. "Well?"

"You must send Thorburn here to-night."

Dr. Sunbury rose and walked restlessly about the little office.

"To-night," repeated Dr. Forman; "for I don't think she'll last beyond to-morrow."

"Why, what's the matter with her?" asked Dr. Sunbury, pausing in his troubled walk.

"Nothing but death," answered Dr. Forman. "Skill can do nothing for that woman. She ought to have rallied from the fainting spells; instead, she went off into convulsions. She ought to have rallied from the convulsions; instead, she is sinking as fast as any mortal I ever saw. Poor thing, so pretty, so gentle!"

It was arranged that Mr. Thorburn was to be sent for; and to Dr. Sunbury was left the dreadful task of telling him the truth.

An hour after that, Dr. Sunbury, thinking miserably of poor Priscilla and the unhappy creature upstairs, heard the wheels of Dr. Forman's buggy grinding on the gravel outside, and Mr. Thorburn's quick, soldierly step as he entered the house. Dr. Sunbury met him with a sinking heart, and a cold tremor that shook him like an aspen.

"I came at once, as you see, my friend," began Thorburn, cheerily. And then looking closer at Dr. Sunbury's white face, said, "Why, what is the matter?"

Dr. Sunbury, without a word, led him back into the little office, and carefully closed the door. "Thorburn," he said, "I believe you to be a man and a Christian. Call up, therefore, all your manhood, and all your dependence on God, to bear what I have to tell you."

Mr. Thorburn's dark skin grew a shade darker at these words, but he made no reply, only looking Dr. Sunbury full in the eye.

"Priscilla told you, perhaps—of a woman fainting—in the road—Tuesday afternoon," Dr. Sunbury got his words out in gasps.

"Yes, yes."

"She is now in this house. Thorburn, she is—the wife you supposed dead."

Mr. Thorburn took in as quickly what had been told him as his dying wife had done. He rose from his chair; the strong man reeled and fell, with a deep groan, and his arms outstretched

over the doctor's study table. Dr. Sunbury made no offer of consolation. He covered his face with his hands and wept.

After a pause, Thorburn said: "We must do what is right? My poor Priscilla!"

"Will you not see—" said Dr. Sunbury, after a short silence, pointing overhead, where the dying Mrs. Thorburn lay.

"Now? Not yet, not yet. Give me a moment."

"But she is dying; she has not long that she can wait for you."

Thorburn rose at once. "Tell me how it was, before I see her," he asked.

In a few words Dr. Sunbury told him.

Just then Dr. Forman appeared. "You had best go now," he said to Thorburn.

Dr. Sunbury took Mr. Thorburn's arm and led him upstairs. Dr. Forman preceded them. As they reached the door, Thorburn caught Dr. Forman's wrist, as if to ask for a moment's grace; but it was too late, the door was open, and Dr. Forman had beckoned to the nurse to leave the bedside. Thorburn closed the door after him, and walking to the bed, found himself alone with the woman that to him had risen from the dead.

"Forgive me! forgive me!" was all that Thorburn could say.

"Forgive you?" asked the wife, in her old sweet voice. "Why should I not forgive you? Only, you must pity me. Think! six years of agony, to return and find— I thought until now that it was easier to die than live," she continued, feebly. "It would save so much misery if death should free you from me."

"Eleanor! Eleanor!"

Down-stairs Dr. Sunbury and Dr. Forman conversed in whispers, Dr. Forman holding his watch in his hand. On the stroke of the half-hour he went upstairs. As he entered the room he saw Thorburn half leaning on the bed, while Mrs. Thorburn's head rested on his breast. The doctor took one keen look at his patient, and suddenly whipping out his lancet, called, loudly:

"Jane! Jane! come at once. I want to give Mrs. Thorburn a hypoderm of brandy."

Dr. Sunbury heard the call, and came too. He obeyed a look from the doctor, and taking Thorburn by the arm, almost dragged him from the room. Jane came with the brandy, with salts, with the doctor's electrical appliances; but it was too late. Mrs. Thorburn breathed an hour or two longer, and then, without a word, a look, or a sigh, stopped breathing.

"It is all over," said Dr. Forman, going out on the landing to speak to Dr. Sunbury.

Dr. Forman was too important a personage to be closely questioned about anything he did not choose to be communicative about; so both East and West Harrowby had to be satisfied with the information that Mrs. March, a stranger in Harrowby, had been taken suddenly ill before Dr. Forman's door, had died in Dr. Forman's house, and her body had been sent to her friends. The day after the funeral Mr. Thorburn, Priscilla, Dr. Sunbury, and Dr. Forman stood in Dr. Sunbury's library. It did not look like a wedding party. Priscilla's face was pale, and she trembled when Thorburn touched her hand. If—if he should have any regrets. Dr. Sunbury had the license in his pocket, and performed the ceremony. They were all uncomfortable in the sense of having something to conceal. Priscilla had been wild with distress, and strangely enough had pleaded for delay; but this Mr. Thorburn had sternly refused.

"Our happiness is at an end forever," said Priscilla, bitterly, when she gave in.

"So be it," replied Thorburn; "but nevertheless shall we comply immediately with God's law and the law of the land."

Priscilla was rash. Their first unalloyed happiness was at an end, but something better, stronger, deeper, followed. It was impossible that two souls so well fitted for each other could be long unhappy from any cause that was not wrongdoing. So it fell out that before another year passed Priscilla was surprised to find out how happy she had become. Indeed, from its very beginning, the love of Priscilla and Thorburn had been full of surprises; but the worst was the last. "Some time or other," said Priscilla in her philosophy, "one must pay the penalty of being too happy."

SYDNEY.

## OUR CHINESE NEIGHBORS.

CHINESE exclusiveness—a Chinese policy—was once almost a by-word; like many other Chinese productions and ideas far less hurtful, it has been imitated in America and Australia. Chinese are driven from San Francisco, and massacred in Washington Territory. They are suffering from unjust and illegal discriminations under both the English and American governments. Chinese merchants of high standing complain that they have difficulty in entering American harbors, and that our national prejudices place an unnatural limit upon the course of trade. Their protest is well founded. The civilized races of the West now practice the policy once held peculiar to China or Japan.

Yet the Chinese writers deny that in the earlier period of their history they were ever opposed to free intercourse with other nations. With the Arabs and the Hindoos they long held an extensive trade. It was only, they assert, when the Portuguese and the Dutch visited their coast as robbers and pirates that the imperial government closed its ports to the ships of the West. The lawless cruelty of the first foreigners who penetrated the Eastern seas was certainly a sufficient excuse for Chinese retaliation and contempt. But with the Arabs and the Hindoos it was different. The first account we have of China is that of an Arab traveller in the ninth century. Ibn Wahab, or whatever was the traveller's name, found the Chinese in a high state of civilization. Their cities were splendid; their harbors crowded with ships. Commerce was active, the people prosperous. They wore rich coverings of silk; every one learned to read and write, and schools abounded; they drank the infusion of leaves called Tteha, and lived in health and ease. Their officials were chosen for their intelligence and worth; their judges were noted for their integrity.

A thousand years ago the Chinese our traveller describes almost as the Chinese of our own day. The potter produced his rare porcelain, transparent as glass. The farmer cultivated his mulberry-trees, his tea-plant, and his rice. The Chinese scholars filled the countless schools. The Chinese painters excelled in that fine *technique* that marks the painters of modern Paris. Politeness was a national trait. The bankrupt was punished with extreme severity. The sick poor were aided from the public dispensary. The aged were pensioned. The Chinese, said the Arab, are generally fine-looking, of good height, fair complexion, their hair blacker than that of any other people. The women, he adds, wear it curled. Marco Polo and all later travellers confirm the story of the Mohammedan.

The early Chinese showed nothing of that hostility to strangers that has marked their later policy. All sects and creeds flourished under the liberal emperors. Christians (chiefly Nestorians), Jews, Mohammedans, Buddhists, Confucians, were mingled together in the Chinese cities. Good roads, canals, and bridges abounded. In Europe all was savage waste when our record begins. China was the land of toleration and philosophy, poetry and art, when our ancestors were rude barbarians. Captain Gill, in his recent travels, relates that in the interior of the empire he found in some districts a generous welcome and a happy and prosperous people. The hostility to foreigners was strongest near the coast.

Seated on the opposite shores of the Pacific, America and China would seem natural friends and allies. The immense empire, just awakening to the value of Western progress, will afford the most extensive market for American trade. American railroads, steamers, and telegraphs should give life to its hundreds of millions of people. American farming implements—ploughs, reapers, mowers—might be spread over its immense territory. Its teas and silks should be paid for with American goods. England and Germany are already reaching forward toward that extensive traffic which China offers in the future, while we are driving it from us. The Chinese adopted their exclusive policy only to shut out Western pirates and robbers. They may be won by justice and conciliation.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

## ANARCHIST RIOTS IN THE WEST.

ALTHOUGH the statute-books of perhaps all the States in the Union contain laws against seditious meetings, and even against seditious publications, the anarchists in America have been allowed to proclaim their doctrine by speeches and in print until they have at last carried it into action. As many as 20,000 men were idle in Chicago on May 3 because of the agitation for the eight-hour rule, and the anarchists, who have been bolder in that city than in any other, took this general unrest as the occasion to use dynamite as a social force for the first time in the United States. On the evening of May 4 a meeting of the most turbulent element was called, by means of an incendiary handbill, at a point in Desplaines Street, to listen to speeches about the strikes and a fight that had taken place between the police and a company of strikers. The speakers were AUGUST SPIES, the editor of the daily anarchist paper the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, and his fellows, SAM FIELDEN and A. R. PARSONS, the most notorious preachers of the doctrine of destruction. When PARSONS had wrought the crowd to desperation, and exclaimed, "To arms! to arms!" the force of one hundred and fifty policemen who were in readiness at a neighboring station was ordered out to disperse the excited crowd. When they reached the edge of the crowd, FIELDEN, who was the most incendiary of all the orators, was raising the excitement to a still higher pitch. The officer in command of the police advanced to the wagon which was used as a rostrum, and commanded the crowd to disperse.

He had hardly given the command when a spluttering fuse was seen flying through the air toward the policemen. It was a dynamite bomb, which was well aimed, and fell directly in the middle of the street between two double columns of the police. It exploded as soon as it struck the ground. The policemen were for a moment thrown into confusion. The orator closed his harangue abruptly, and the crowd assembled in a menacing attitude before the body of police. The bomb had killed and wounded twenty-nine men, and the anarchists in front and on either side opened fire directly on the policemen that had escaped the bomb. The men quickly recovered themselves, and returned the fire until the crowd fled. In the flight many persons were knocked down and trampled on. Then the work of taking away the bodies of the killed and of removing the wounded was begun. Two officers and one citizen were already dead; six other policemen were fatally wounded; twenty-six more received wounds which for the time disabled them; eight citizens were mortally hurt, and ten disabled. It is believed that a number of anarchists were killed or seriously wounded, who were removed by their comrades as the crowd ran away. On the next day there were sixty-four patients in the county hospital who were injured by the bomb or in the battle that followed its explosion.

The day after the explosion AUGUST SPIES, his associate editor SCHWAB, FIELDEN, and CHRIS SPIES, who were in his employment, were arrested in the *Arbeiter Zeitung* office, and all who were employed on the paper, including twenty-five printers, were temporarily taken into custody. In a cupboard in the office four or five pounds of dynamite were found, of such strength that when it was exploded at the lake front it shook the ground several hundred yards away. In SPIES's editorial desk there were two bombs with fuses attached. These men have been imprisoned without privilege of bail, and they will be tried as accessories to the crime. The giving of advice to resort to violence comes within the meaning of the statute which describes an accessory to a murder. The discovery of explosives in SPIES's desk and office and at the residence of PARSONS, the editor of the *Alarm*, an anarchist paper printed in the English language, together with proof that inflammatory circulars were printed in SPIES's office, and other circumstantial evidence, are thought to be sufficient to cause the conviction of all these notorious leaders.

AUGUST SPIES is a German who went to Chicago in his youth. After he became interested in the cause of anarchy he soon became conspicuous in the society in which JOHN MOST, the agitator, moved. Eight years ago he obtained editorial control of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, and he made it the mouth-piece of the most numerous and most dangerous company of socialistic foreigners that has infested any American city. He was made the more desperate by the killing of his brother two years ago by a policeman while resisting arrest. He then swore revenge on the police. CHRIS SPIES, a younger brother, now imprisoned with him, was employed as a printer in the *Zeitung* office. MICHAEL SCHWAB, assistant editor to AUGUST SPIES, is the most notorious of the whole company. He too is a German by birth. PARSONS, the only American among them, eluded the officers. He is an adventurer who went from Texas to Chicago, and has an additional claim to distinction in that he has for wife a mulatto who is no less vigorous an agitator and public speaker than he is himself. FIELDEN, an English anarchist, has been an active organizer of socialistic clubs among English-speaking converts to the doctrine.

Within a day after the battle $28,000 had been given by citizens of Chicago, and several checks of $500 each had been sent from New York, for the benefit of the wounded policemen and of the families of those who were killed.

This violence in Chicago was followed on the next day by a battle in Milwaukee between a mob of Polish strikers and the militia. The mills, which these socialists had threatened to storm, were guarded by four companies of militia. The mob, early in the day on May 5, marched with a red flag toward the mills, uttering threats to demolish them. The commanding officer ordered them to retire, but they continued to advance, and the militia fired into the crowd with deadly aim. The flag-bearer was struck by several bullets and mortally wounded; five others were killed, and an unknown number injured. Governor RUSK, of Wisconsin, who, by-the-way, entered the war as a volunteer, and was brevetted Brigadier-General for gallantry, not only used the militia in this prompt fashion, but he gave this answer to a Polish Alderman of Milwaukee who protested against the killing of his countrymen by the soldiers: "You go back," said he, "and tell your countrymen that we shall insist upon their remaining quietly at home, or going to work; and that I will stop their assembling in crowds for purposes of riot, if I have to call every able-bodied man in the State into military service to do it."

No bloodshed in twenty years, except that which was caused by the railroad strike in 1877, has created such general excitement as these battles in Chicago and Milwaukee; but the vigorous dealing with these anarchists by the police and the militia, as well as the punishment that awaits their leaders by the calmer process of trial for inciting riot, is the most discouraging reception that their doctrine, when put in practice, has received in any country in the world. These outbreaks have given new vitality to the sections of the penal code of every State prohibiting seditious speech.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

EIGHTY-FIVE per cent. of the Harvard students use the library now, it is said, whereas only fifty-seven per cent. used it ten years ago. The fact is regarded at the college with exultation. Of course what a student ought to do depends a good deal on what he has it in mind to accomplish, and some critics say that the best education is this, and others that it is that. There are few, however, to deny that a very good way to acquire learning is to read books, and hence most people will regard the increased use of the library at Harvard as a good sign. And, besides, the habit has a university air about it.

It costs about one thousand dollars, according to the Yale *News*, to fit out the Freshman crew and send them to New London. The outfit costs six hundred and fifty dollars, and lasts the young men for the four years of their course.

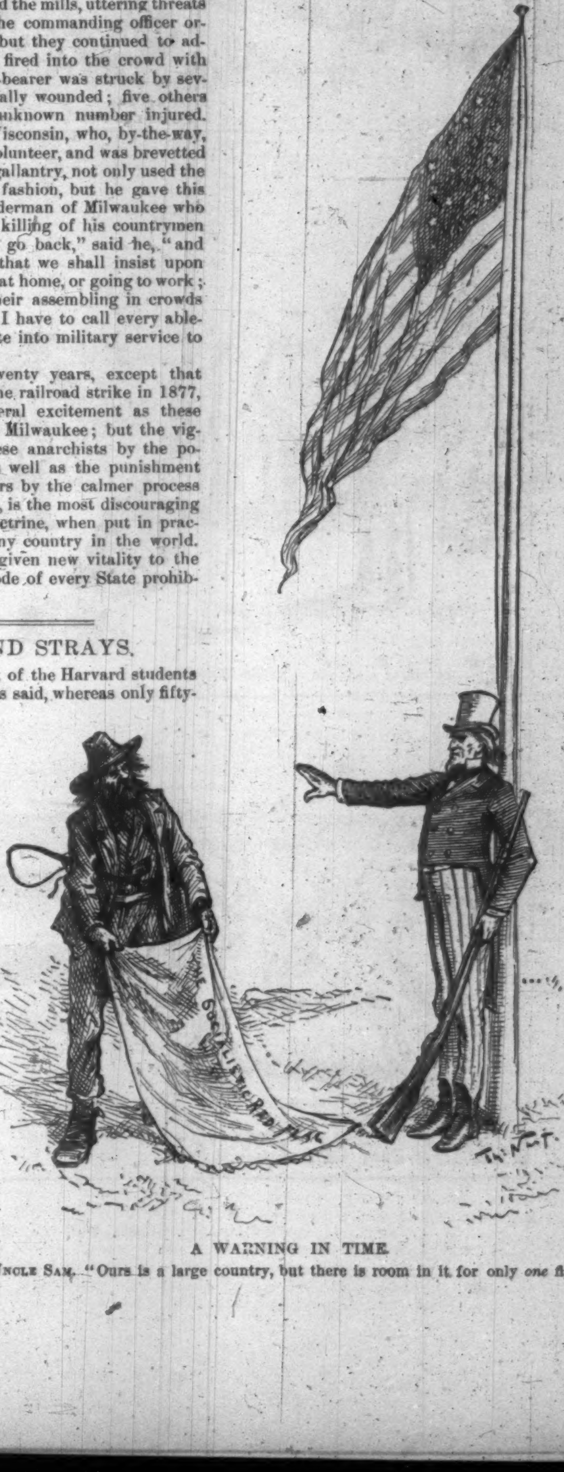
It is said that the people of the United States use 150,000,000 steel pens annually. When one reflects how preposterous it would be to pretend that anything like such a vast number of swords are used by the people of the United States every year, one gathers some idea of the depth of the truth of the famous asseveration that, as between the two instruments, the pen is the mightier.

It is reported that the foot of a policeman in St. Paul is fitted by a shoe eighteen inches long and six inches across the sole, and the story having reached the St. Louis newspapers, they are laughing at the policeman, and declaring that he is a girl from Chicago. It is interesting to note that the humor in regard to the Chicago girl's feet is still alert after all these years of tireless activity.

An inventor, it is said, has produced a match which "will light over and over again." This might be an exceedingly disagreeable sort of match to have in one's waistcoat pocket in case it should get started up. Still, the primitive flint and steel were on this principle, and they were accounted remarkably safe.

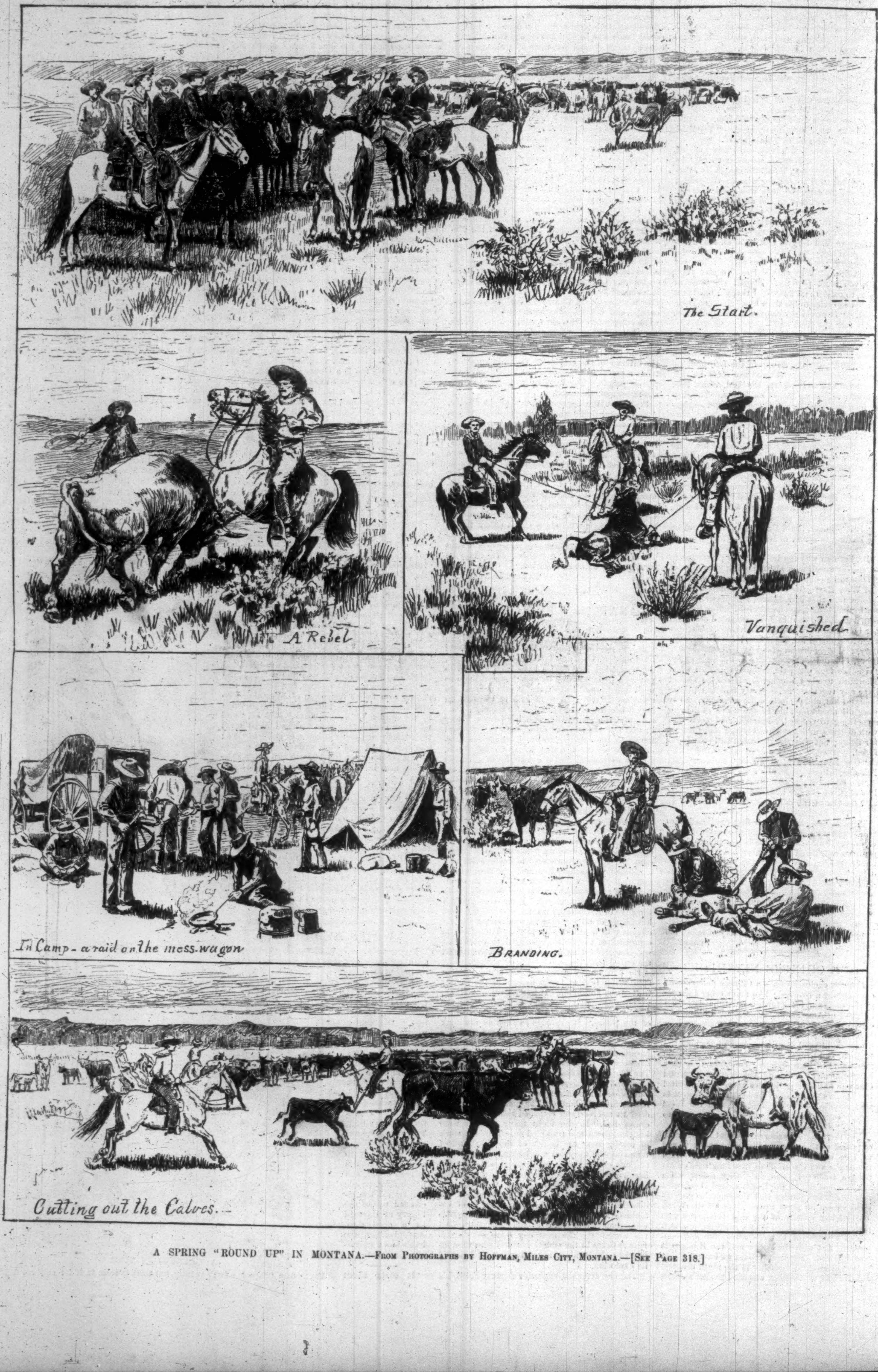
The telegraph brings news of a large fish which recently sacrificed its life in preventing the sinking of a ship at sea. The ship struck on a shoal, and the water poured into her in such quantities that the pumps were powerless to cope with it. Suddenly the influx stopped, and the ship was pumped dry, and run into Callao, where a diver found the fish in question wedged into a large hole. The ship was docked and the fish promptly extricated, but life had been long extinct.

Imitation butter must be put up in elliptical tubs in Denmark. This is a singular sort of rule, and one which would probably not commend itself very highly to manufacturers of this kind of butter here. Butter itself having been imitated, it seems logical enough to imitate butter tubs also, and all the little cloths and papers and schemes of packing which set off butter so well. Besides, imitation butter, which is so perfect in all its details that it cannot be told from real butter, can be sold much more profitably than it could if it were packed in a tub whose peculiar shape would amount to an open avowal of the imitation. But there are some deeply rooted notions in Denmark, and one of them is that imitation ought not to be carried too far.

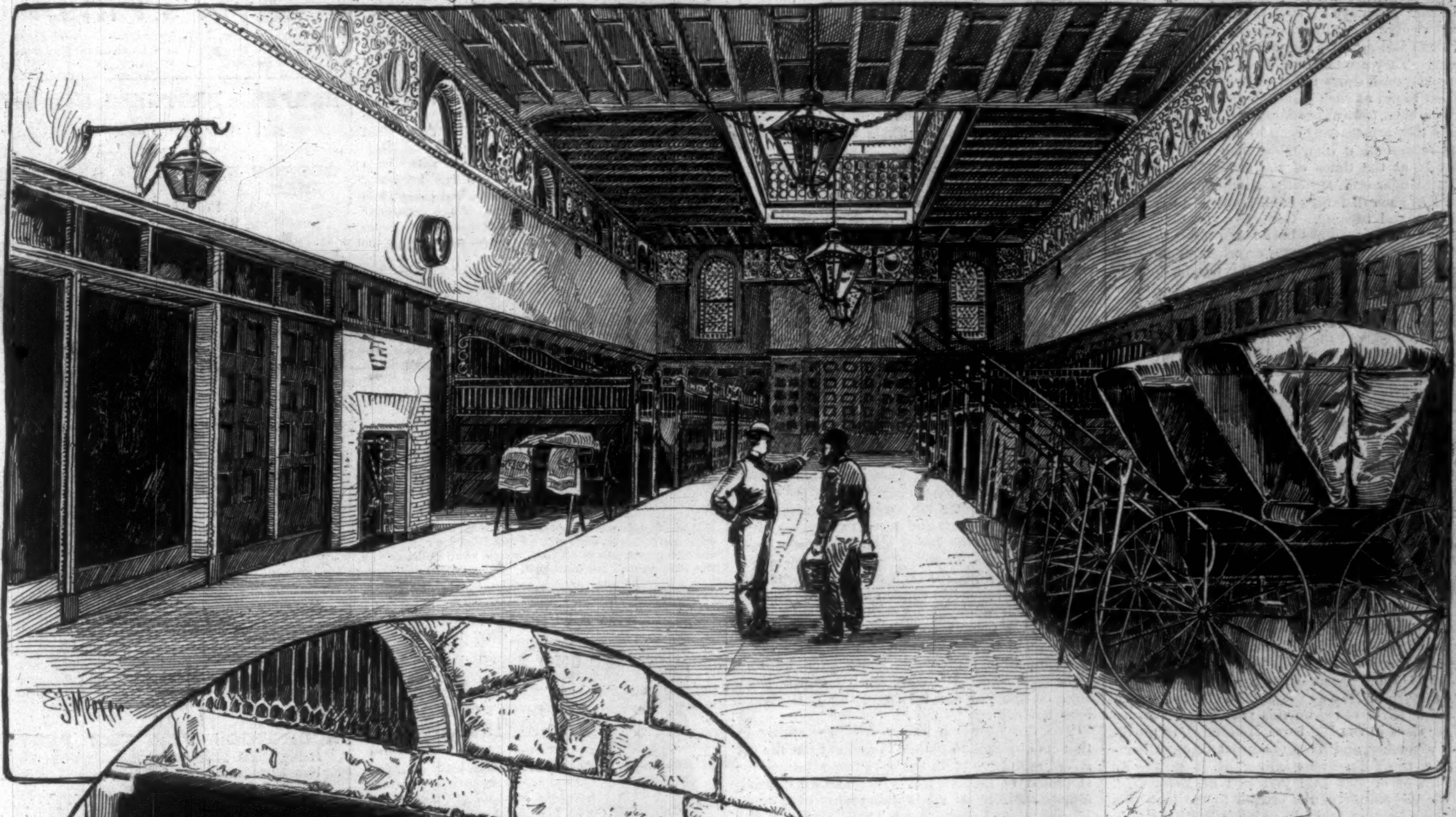



A WARNING IN TIME.

UNCLE SAM. "Ours is a large country, but there is room in it for only *one* flag."




A SPRING "ROUND UP" IN MONTANA.—From Photographs by Hoffman, Miles City, Montana.—[See Page 318.]



A PRIVATE STABLE IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by E. J. Meeker from Photographs by Bidwell.

## TROTTERS IN NEW YORK.

"The fast trotters of New York and their homes" would furnish the title for what might be made an exceedingly interesting book, and the volume would grow to liberal proportions were the author to treat the subject with anything like thoroughness. It is a picture of one of these fast trotters, together with views of his luxurious surroundings, that adorns this page. The stable is that of Mr. Frank Work, and is one of the handsomest "homes of the horse" that can be seen in the United States. It was completed three years ago, and has been visited since then by thousands of people from all parts of the country. The ceiling is of polished oak, and the floor is carpeted with heavy matting.

For forty-five years Mr. Frank Work has been "driving on the road." He is perhaps the most typical member of a class of gentlemen in New York who hold all pleasures of life in less esteem than an afternoon's airing on the road behind their own speedy horses. His stable is on Fifty-sixth Street, near Seventh Avenue, and his home being in another part of the city, Mr. Work has had the front portion of the second story of the stable handsomely furnished for his own use. It contains a suite of three beautifully appointed apartments, one of which is shown in the accompanying illustration.

Although there is no stable in New York which is so completely elegant as this, there are many in which the average horse would, perhaps, feel ill at ease, and not quite certain but that he had stepped by mistake into some place in which he did not belong. The private stable of Mr. Bonner, with such priceless inmates as Dexter (the hero of a day gone by), Rarus, and Maud S., is not far distant from the stable of Mr. Work. Then there are the stables of the Vanderbilts, and the stable of Mr. William Rockefeller, which are well worth visiting, not only because of the quality of the horses they shelter, but also because of the perfect and surprisingly elegant arrangement of the stables themselves.

"The road," as it is referred to by the gentlemen who drive at present, generally means St. Nicholas Avenue, which has succeeded Seventh Avenue as a speeding-ground, although there is, of course, a great deal of driving on the Boulevard and in the direction of Riverside Park. And what a world of fast horses and noted men have moved at lightning pace over these smooth thoroughfares! Commodore Vanderbilt and William H. after him are inseparably associated with a retrospective view, Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, years ago, driving the famous team Small Hopes and Lady Mac, which did their mile in 2.23, and later on Aldine and Maud S., which did a mile in 2.15¼. But

there is no necessity for looking backward in search of the glory of "the road." There is a more general driving of fast trotters in New York to-day than ever before. One of them (and one of the most famous) died the other day; but the death of Maxey Cobb, even though he had a record of 2.13¼, and although his loss is no doubt severely felt by Mr. ISIDOR COHNFELD, who owned and drove him, will scarcely be realized in the presence of the army of trotters that are left behind him "on the road" to-day. Mr. WORK, from the splendid stable which has been spoken of above, drives a pair that have a record of 2.16½. These are Edward and Dick Swiveler, and a handsome team they make in harness. Mr. ROBERT BONNER and Mr. DAVID BONNER, with a practically exhaustless stable to draw from, are almost daily on the road behind very fast animals. Mr. JOHN ROCKEFELLER, of Standard Oil fame and fortune, drives Midnight, with a record of 2.18, and Mr. WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER holds the lines to Independent, Magic, Cleora, or any one of half a dozen animals that are able to make their mile in less than 2.20.

These are only a few of the fortunate drivers of famous trotters that may be seen almost any fine afternoon jogging through the Park on their way to St. Nicholas Avenue.

## THE POWDER RIVER ROUND-UP.

A NEW-COMER who engages in cattle-growing in the far West, after first selecting a range, either buys a herd that is already somewhere in the vicinity of the range he is to occupy, and drives them thither, or else buys "in the States" a number of cows, calves, and bulls, ships them out by rail, brands them, turns them upon his range, and simply waits for them to breed and grow. In either case little attention is paid to them, after the first few days or weeks, other than to send herders over the range occasionally to keep track of them and see that they are not straying too far away. They are not considered to have strayed, however, until thirty to fifty miles from the ranch. When found at such distances they are generally driven back toward head-quarters. But in some cases they are scarcely seen by the owner, or any one representing him, more than twice a year, that is, at the times of the semiannual round-ups. Under ordinary circumstances, cattle rarely go to such distances from home as to require herding and turning. Generally speaking, it is only when the feed has been eaten down closely, or in case of deep snows, or when stampeded by storms, prairie fires, or wild beasts, that it becomes necessary to look after and restrain them.

The interests of cattle-men in general are so closely linked, and there is such urgent need of a concert of action among them, that in all Western cattle-growing districts they have organized into local or general associations, in which the most perfect harmony and good-fellowship exists, and in which the interests of every individual member are closely guarded and fostered by the organization as a whole. These associations meet in the spring and fall of each year and fix the dates for holding the round-ups, usually prescribing the general boundaries in which each local outfit shall work. The spring round-up, which is the one now under consideration, is held in the latter part of April or early part of May in Wyoming and Montana, and earlier or later in other States and Territories, according to the nature of the climate, weather, etc. A round-up district is usually limited to the valley of some large stream, or its boundaries are designated by other prominent and well-known landmarks. The Wyoming Stock Growers' Association last season designated the 7th of May as the date for beginning the Powder River round-up this year. The Powder River rises in the Big Horn Mountains, in northern Wyoming, and flows northeast through Montana to the Yellowstone, into which it empties its wealth of crystal fluid just east of Miles City. From the mouth of the stream to the foot-hills of the mountain range in which it has its source, and in fact almost to the snowy peaks themselves, there is now a well-worn wagon road, along which heavy freighting teams ply their way, along which sprightly spans of roadsters, attached to buck-boards or even to more pretentious carriages, fly almost with the speed of the wind, and along which the now prominent character of the country, the "cow-boy," dashes to and fro on his spirited mustang, performing the various duties of his vocation.

From five to fifteen miles, or even more, each way from the ranch, are claimed by each owner or company as a range, though no effort is made usually to keep the stock within these boundaries. They are allowed the freedom of the hills and table-lands in every direction, the foreman merely being required to know about where to find them when wanted, and to prevent them from going west of the Tongue and north of the Yellowstone rivers or south into Wyoming.

Persons who have only seen the great plains late in summer or in the autumn after the grass has dried up and the foliage along the streams has faded, or in midwinter when buried in snow, can have little idea of the beauty of such a valley as that of the Powder River in the early spring, when the earth is carpeted with verdure, the river-banks lined with newly clothed trees and shrubs, and the meadows blooming with flowers, the beauty and brilliancy of which cannot be excelled anywhere. The winter snows have disappeared; the spring rains have come and gone, leaving the earth fresh and moist; the climate is mild and delightful. Under all these charming conditions we cannot but enjoy the scene as we mount our spirited bronchos and ride out to the place of rendezvous, which has been appointed near the mouth of the river, and where the clans are already gathering.

Temporary camps have been established by those who have arrived in advance of us, around which groups of cow-boys are lounging. A band of horses and ponies which they have liberated is grazing on the river-bank, and several small bands of cattle may be seen in various directions, most of them at considerable distances away; for they are wild, and avoid the presence of human beings. A cloud of dust is faintly visible on top of the divide nearly three miles to the east; and watching it a few minutes with our glasses, we see that it is being raised by a jolly band of five cow-boys, who are riding like mad, each leading four or five horses. Looking away to the north, we see a mess wagon, or "cluck outfit," approaching, drawn by four horses, and well laden with supplies. Behind this, two riders are driving ten head of loose horses. And similar small detachments continue to arrive from every direction all the forenoon, until, when all the ranches along the river have furnished their quota, the force numbers one hundred and thirty-five men and about twelve hundred horses. Most of the latter are saddle animals, while a few are reserved for team-work. Each rider has his "string" of horses, numbering from five to seven, and changes them two or three times a day, riding one horse twenty to forty miles, while sixty to seventy-five miles is an average day's work for a man. The reserve herd is placed in charge of a herder, or "wrangler," who is required to keep them under perfect control, and produce such of them as are wanted on short notice, the *riata* being frequently used in taking them out of the herd.

The foreman has arrived, and takes charge of the entire outfit, placing it on a thoroughly effective and working basis for the morrow. Accordingly at half past three in the morning the men are called. They are out of their blankets and dressed in a jiffy. Each catches and saddles his horse, breakfast is hastily eaten, and at the first break of day they ride out by twos or fours in every direction. These men present a decidedly picturesque, not to say brigandish, appearance as they dash across the prairie, with their red, blue, and gray flannel shirts, canvas trousers, leather *chaparejos*, broad sombreros, colored silk handkerchiefs knotted around their necks, well-filled cartridge belts, from which hang their six-shooters, their high-topped cowhide boots and large Mexican spurs.

Most of these Western cattle are as wild as the native buffalo, having never been subjected to the dominion of man, and rarely have they even caught sight of him. At the first approach of the cavalcade, therefore, many of them sniff the air excitedly, elevate their heads and tails, and run like deer, but by hard riding and skilful handling they are soon turned and herded. It is their supreme delight to find an "alecky" young steer that concludes not to be rounded up. Such a "critter" is a bit of the true spice of life to them thus early in the day, when both men and horses are fresh, vigorous, and eager for the sport, and no sooner has the belligerent shaken his head and turned tail to his pursuers than two, three, or perhaps half a dozen "cayuses" are headed for him.

Our riders scour the country far and near, "gathering beef" from east, west, north, and south. Every hoof found, regardless of the brand he bears, or whether he bears any, is picked up by this living cyclone and carried along. At frequent intervals the herds already gathered are driven into the branding pens and corralled. One or more irons for each owner are kept hot, and when a roper has thrown an animal, he calls for the iron wanted, and, setting his foot upon the victim's neck, places the red-hot device on its ribs and throws his weight upon it, leaving a deep, indelible trade-mark, which even he who runs may read. It's ears, dewlap, or the loose skin on the jaw are then slit, and it is turned loose again.

The fall round-up differs from the spring in that its object is to gather in and cut out the fat steers, and drive them to the railroad stations for shipment to Eastern markets. The work, being almost entirely on adult animals, is even more laborious and hazardous than that of the spring, where the majority actually handled are calves.

Stray cattle, either calves or adults, bearing no brand, and found alone or herded with others already branded, but whose parentage cannot be definitely determined, are called "Mavericks," and in some districts are sold at auction and the proceeds given to the school fund. In others they become the property of the man or company upon whose range they are found. This privilege, however, is seriously abused by dishonest ranchmen and cattle thieves, who infest every Western cattle-growing district. These men ride out over the ranges at times when they are not likely to be observed, carrying their branding irons along, and rope and brand every animal they can find that does not already bear a brand. In some cases these are allowed to remain where found for the time being, but are usually driven on to the range claimed by the pirate who does the work. In other instances these men first drive the unbranded stock on to their own ranges, and then, under cover of the Maverick law, openly claim and brand it as their own. Many large herds have been accumulated almost wholly by this system of thievery, and there are wealthy cattle-men in the West to-day who never bought or honestly owned a dozen head of the thousands that bear their brand. A certain cow-boy, when asked by an Eastern man what constitutes a Maverick, replied: "It's a calf that you find and get your brand on before the owner finds it and gets his on."

But it is risky business, this cattle stealing, and many a man who has been caught at it has been left on the prairies as food for the coyotes, or has ornamented the nearest cottonwood-tree until the magpies and butcher-birds have polished his bones.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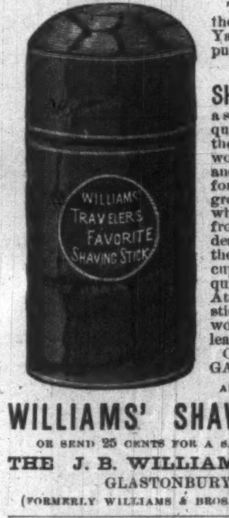


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